LITTLE MASTERPIECES

HUMOR

17

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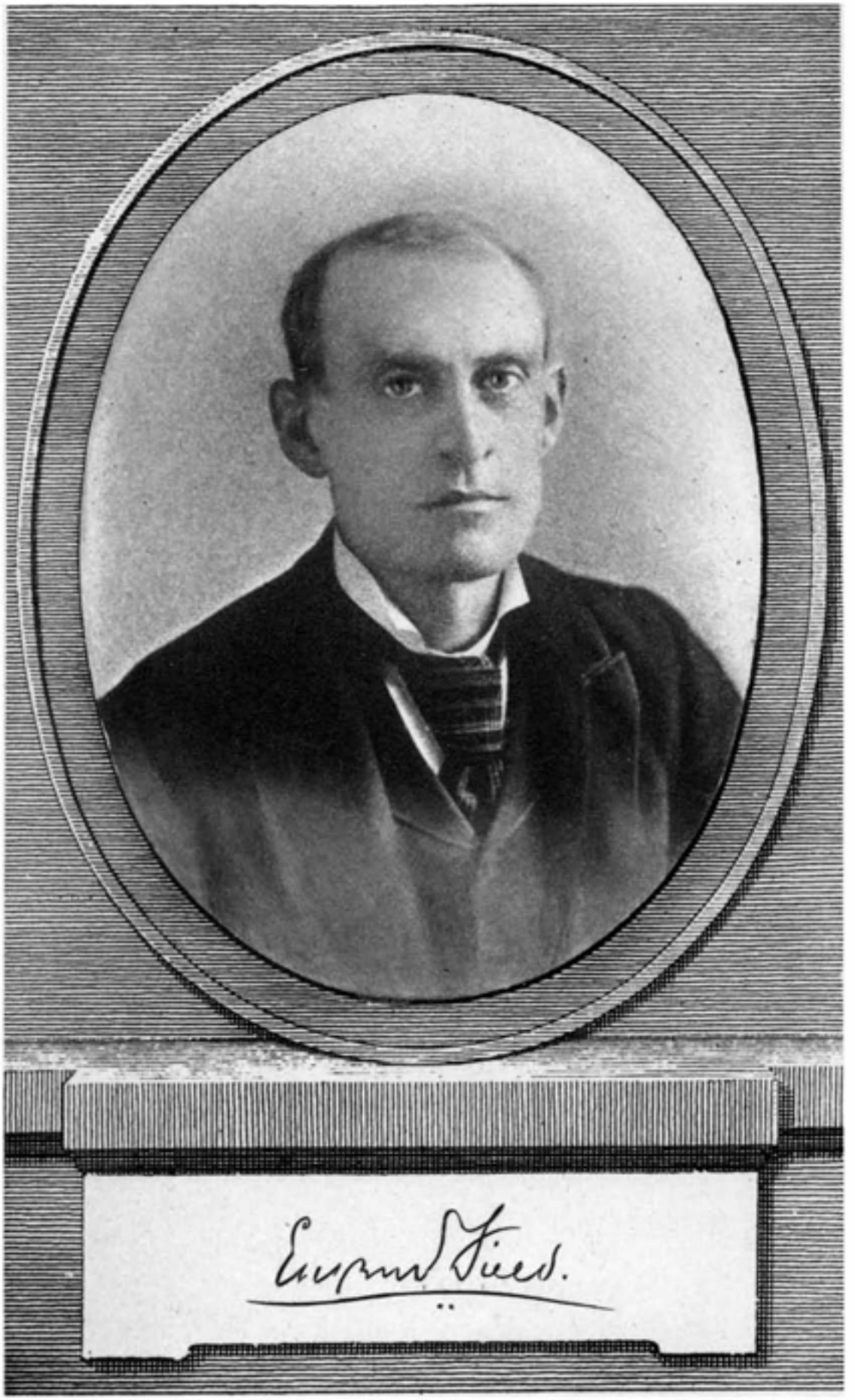
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Little Masterpieces

In Forty-four Volumes

HUMOR

Edited by

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Humor

FREDERICK S. COZZENS

A FAMILY HORSE

"IT RAINS very hard," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, looking out of the window next morning. Sure enough, the rain was sweeping broadcast over the country, and the four Sparrowgrassii were flattening a quartette of noses against the window-panes, believing most faithfully the man would bring the horse that belonged to his brother, in spite of the elements. It was hoping against hope: no man having a horse to sell will trot him out in a rainstorm, unless he intends to sell him at a bargain—but childhood is so credulous! The succeeding morning was bright, however, and down came the horse. He had been very cleverly groomed, and looked pleasant under the saddle. The man led him back and forth before the door. "There, Squire, 's as good a hoss as ever stood on iron." Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me what he meant by that. I replied, it was a figurative way of expressing, in horse-talk, that he was as good a horse as ever stood in shoe-leather. "He's a handsome hoss, Squire," said the man. I replied that he did seem to be a good-looking animal, "but," said I, "he does not quite come up to the description of a horse I have read."

"Whose hoss was it?" said he. I replied it was a horse of Adonis. He said he didn't know him, "but," he added, "there is so many hosses stolen that the descriptions are stuck up now pretty common." To put him at his ease (for he seemed to think I suspected him of having stolen the horse), I told him the description I meant had been written some hundreds of years ago by Shakespeare, and repeated it:

"Round-hoof, short-joynted, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail broad buttock, tender hide."

"Squire," said he, "that will do for a song, but it ain't no p'ints of a good hoss. Trotters nowadays go in all shapes—big heads and little heads, big eyes and little eyes, short ears or long ones, thick tail and no tail; so as they have sound legs, good l'in, good barrel, and good stifle and wind, Squire, and speed well, they'll fetch a price. Now, this animal is what I call a hoss, Squire; he's got the p'ints, he's stylish, he's close-ribbed, a free goer, kind in harness—single or double—a good feeder."

I asked him if being a good feeder was a desirable quality.

He replied it was. "Of course," said he, "if your hoss is off his feed he ain't good for nothin'. But what's the use," he added, "of me tellin' you the p'ints of a good hoss? You're a hoss man, Squire: you know——"

"It seems to me," said I, "there is something the matter with that left eye."

"No, *sir*," said he, and rapidly crooking his forefinger at the suspected organ, said, "See thar—don't wink a bit."

"But he should wink," I replied.

"Not onless his eye are weak," he said.

To satisfy myself, I asked the man to let me take the bridle. He did so, and so soon as I took hold of it the horse started off in a remarkable retrograde movement, dragging me with him into my best bed of hybrid roses. Finding we were trampling down all the best plants, that had cost at auction from three-and-sixpence to seven shillings apiece, and that the more I pulled the more he backed. I finally let him have his own way, and jammed him stern-foremost into our largest climbing rose, that had been all summer prickling itself in order to look as much like a vegetable porcupine as possible. This unexpected bit of satire in his rear changed his retrograde movement to a sidelong bound, by which he flirted off half the pots on the balusters, upsetting my gladioli and tuberoses in the pod, and leaving great splashes of mold, geraniums and red pottery in the gravel walk. By this time his owner had managed to give him two pretty severe cuts with the whip, which made him unmanageable, so I let him go. We had a pleasant time catching him again, when be got among the Lima-bean poles.

But his owner led him back with a very self-satisfied expression. "Playful, ain't he, Squire?"

I replied that I thought he was, and asked him if it was usual for his horse to play such pranks.

He said it was not. "You see, Squire, he feels his oats, and hain't been out of the stable for a month. Use him, and he's as kind as a kitten."

With that he put his foot in the stirrup and mounted. The animal really looked very well as he moved around the grass-plot, and, as Mrs. Sparrowgrass seemed to fancy him, I took a written guarantee that he was sound, and bought him. What I gave for him is a secret; I have not even told Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

It is a mooted point whether it is best to buy your horse before you build your stable or build your stable before you buy your horse. A horse without a stable is like a bishop without a church. Our neighbor, who is very ingenious, built his stable to fit his horse. He took the length of his horse and a little over as the measure of the depth of his stable; then he built it. He had a place beside the stall for his Rockaway carriage. When he came to put the Rockaway in, he found he had not allowed for the shafts! The ceiling was too low to allow them to be erected, so he cut two square port-holes in the back of his stable and run his shafts through them, into the chicken-

house behind. Of course, whenever he wanted to take out his carriage he had to unroost all his fowls, who would sit on the shafts night and day. But that was better than building a new stable. For my part, I determined, to avoid mistakes by getting the horse and carriage both first, and then to build the stable. This plan, being acceptable to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, was adopted as judicious and expedient. In consequence, I found myself with a horse on my hands with no place to put him. Fortunately, I was acquainted with a very honest man who kept a livery stable, where I put him to board by the month, and in order that he might have plenty of good oats, I bought some, which I gave to the hostler for that purpose. The man of whom I bought the horse did not deceive me when he represented him as a great feeder. He ate more oats than all the rest of the horses in that stable put together.

It is a good thing to have a saddle-horse in the country. The early morning ride, when dawn and dew freshen and flush the landscape. is comparable to no earthly innocent pleasure. Look at yonder avenue of road-skirting trees. Those marvelous trunks, yet moist, are ruddy as obelisks of jasper! And above—see the leaves blushing at the east! Hark to the music! interminable chains of melody linking earth and sky with its delicious magic. The countless little wood-birds are singing! and now rolls up from the meadow the fragrance of cut grass and clover.

"No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a flower;
The spider's woof with silvery dew is hung
As it was beaded ere the daylight hour;
The hooked bramble just as it was strung.
When on each leaf the night her crystals flung
Then hurried off, the dawning to elude.
. . . . . .
"The rutted road did never seem so clean,
There is no dust upon the wayside thorn
For every bud looks out as if but newly born."

Look at the river with its veil of blue mist! and the grim, gaunt old Palisades, as amiable in their orient crowns as old princes, out of the direct line of succession, over the royal cradle of the heir apparent!

There is one thing about early riding in the country; you find out a great many things which perhaps you would not have found out under ordinary circumstances. The first thing I found out was that my horse had the heaves. I had been so wrapt up in the beauties of the morning that I had not observed what perhaps everybody in that vicinity had observed, namely, that the new horse had been waking up all the sleepers on both sides of the road with an asthmatic whistle of half-a-mile power. My attention was called to the fact by the village teamster, old Dockweed, who came banging after me in his empty cart, shouting out my name as he came. I must say I have always disliked old Dockweed's familiarity; he presumes too much upon my good-nature, when he calls me Sparrygrass before ladies at the depot, and by my Christian name always on the

Sabbath, when he is dressed up. On this occasion, what with the horse's vocal powers and old Dockweed's, the affair was pretty well blown over the village before breakfast.

"Sparrygrass," he said, as he came up, "that your hoss?"

I replied that the horse was my property.

"Got the heaves, ain't he? Got 'em bad."

Just then a window was pushed open and the white head of the old gentleman who sits in the third pew in front of our pew in church was thrust out.

"What's the matter with your horse?" said he.

"Got the heaves," replied old Dockweed; "got 'em bad."

Then I heard symptoms of opening a blind on the other side of the road, and as I did not wish to run the gauntlet of such inquiries I rode off on a crossroad; but not before I heard, above the sound of pulmonary complaint, the voice of old Dockweed, explaining to the other cottage, "Sparrygrass—got a hoss —got the heaves—got 'em bad."

I was so much ashamed that I took a roundabout road to the stable, and instead of coming home like a fresh and gallant cavalier, on a hard gallop, I walked my purchase to the stable and dismounted with a chastened spirit.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, with a face beaming all over with smiles, "how did you like your horse?"

I replied that he was not quite so fine a

saddle-horse as I had anticipated, but I added, brightening up, for good-humor is sympathetic, "he will make a good horse, I think after all, for you and the children to jog around with in a wagon."

"Oh, won't that be pleasant!" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

Farewell, then, rural rides, and rural roads o' mornings! Farewell, song-birds and jasper colonnades; farewell, misty river and rocky Palisades; farewell, mown honey-breath; farewell, stirrup and bridle, dawn and dew; we must jog on at a foot pace. After all, it is better for your horse to have a pulmonary complaint than to have it yourself.

I had determined not to build a stable nor to buy a carriage until I had thoroughly tested my horse in harness. For this purpose I hired a Rockaway of the stable-keeper. Then I put Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the young ones in the double seats, and took the ribbons for a little drive by the Nepperhan River road. The Nepperhan is a quiet stream that for centuries has wound its way through the ancient dorp of Yonkers. Geologists may trace the movements of time upon the rocky dial of the Palisades, and estimate the age of the more modern Hudson by the footprints of sauria in the strata that fringe its banks, but it is impossible to escape the conviction, as you ride beside the Nepperhan, that it is a very old stream —that it is entirely independent of earthquakes

—that its birth was of primeval antiquity—and, no doubt, that it meandered through Westchester valleys when the Hudson was only a freshwater lake, land-locked somewhere above Poughkeepsie. It was a lovely afternoon. The sun was sloping westward, the meadows

> "were all aflame
> In sunken light, and the mailed grasshopper
> Shrilled in the maize with ceaseless iteration."

We had passed Chicken Island, and the famous house with the stone gable and the one stone chimney in which General Washington slept, as he made it a point to sleep in every old stone house in Westchester County, and had gone pretty far on the road, past the cemetery, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass said suddenly, "Dear, what is the matter with your horse?" As I had been telling the children all the stories about the river on the way, I had managed to get my head pretty well inside the carriage, and at the time she spoke was keeping a lookout in front with my back. The remark of Mrs. Sparrowgrass induced me to turn about, and I found the new horse behaving in a most unaccountable manner.

He was going down hill with his nose almost to the ground, running the wagon first on this side and then on the other. I thought of the remark made by the man, and turning again to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, said, "Playful, isn't he?"

The next moment I heard something breaking away in front, and then the Rockaway gave a lurch and stood still. Upon examination I

found the new horse had tumbled down, broken one shaft, gotten the other through the check-rein so as to bring his head up with a round turn, and besides had managed to put one of the traces in a single hitch around his off hind leg.

So soon as I had taken all the young ones and Mrs. Sparrowgrass out of the Rockaway, I set to work to liberate the horse, who was choking very fast with the check-rein. It is unpleasant to get your fishing-line in a tangle when you are in a hurry for bites, but I never saw a fishing-line in such a tangle as that harness. However, I set to work with a penknife, and cut him in out such a way as to make getting home by our conveyance impossible. When he got up, he was the sleepiest looking horse I ever saw.

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "won't you stay here with the children until I go to the nearest farmhouse?"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she would.

Then I took the horse with me to get him out of the way of the children, and went in search of assistance. The first thing the new horse did when he got about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident was to tumble down a bank. Fortunately, the bank was not more than four feet high, but as I went with him my trousers were rent in a grievous place. While I was getting the new horse on his feet again, I saw a colored person approaching who came to my assistance. The first thing he

did was to pull out a large jack-knife, and the next thing he did was to open the new horse's mouth and run the blade two or three times inside of the new horse's gums. Then the new horse commenced bleeding.

"Dah, sah," said the man, shutting up his jack-knife, "ef 't hadn't been for dat yer your hoss would ha' bin a goner."

"What was the matter with him?" said I.

"Oh, he's on'y jis got de blind staggers, dat's all. Say," said he, before I was half indignant enough at the man who sold me such an animal, "say, ain't your name Sparrowgrass?"

I replied that my name was Sparrowgrass.

"Oh," said he, "I knows you; I brung some fowls once down to you' place. I heard about you and you' hoss. Dat's de hoss dat's got de heaves so bad! You better sell dat horse."

I determined to take his advice, and employed him to lead my purchase to the nearest place where he would be cared for. Then I went back to the Rockaway, but met Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the children on the road coming to meet me. She had left a man in charge of the Rockaway. When we got to the Rockaway we found the man missing, also the whip and one cushion. We got another person to take charge of the Rockaway, and had a pleasant walk home by moonlight.

Does any person want a horse at a low price? A good, stylish-looking animal, close-ribbed, good loin, and good stifle, sound legs, with only

the heaves and blind staggers and a slight defect in one of his eyes? If at any time he slips his bridle and gets away, you can always approach him by getting on his left side. I will also engage to give a written guarantee that he is sound and kind, signed by the brother of his former owner.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Teacher (to Sunday-school class): "Now, boys, in placing your offerings on the plate, I want each to recite some appropriate verse."

Stephen (placing a penny on the plate): "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

John: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Teacher: "Very good." (To the next boy, who is inclined to keep his penny.) "Come, Thomas, why do you hesitate? Speak so all may hear."

Thomas (reluctantly): "A—a fool and his money are soon parted."

While Jay Gould was traveling on the Wabash System he stopped over for dinner at a little town in southern Illinois. The party ate some eggs, among other things, and when the bill was presented to Gould it contained the item, "One dozen eggs, $1.80." The great railroad magnate remarked that eggs must be at a premium in that section, to which the restaurant keeper replied, "No, sir, eggs are plenty enough; but Jay Goulds are mighty scarce."

MY FAMILIAR

AGAIN I hear that creaking step —
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric that I wrote,
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of his pains;
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;

And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone,
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE

It is very aggravating
To hear the solemn prating
Of the fossils who are stating
  That old Horace was a prude;
When we know that with the ladies
He was always raising Hades,
And with many an escapade his
  Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a
Large number of his carmina,
But these people find alarm in a
  Few records of his acts;
So they'd squelch the music caloric,
And to students sophomoric
They'd present as metaphoric
  What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy;
Now we adjudge 'em crazy!
Why, Horace was a daisy
  That was very much alive!
And the wisest of us know him
As his Lydia verses show him—
Go read that virile poem—
  It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,
And starting out to prowl, sir,
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,
  Until he filled his date;
With a massic-laden ditty,
And a classic maiden pretty,
He painted up the city,
  And Mæcenas paid the freight!

EUGENE FIELD.

Coming into New York on the line of the New York Central Railroad, one of those large, round boulders for which Harlem is famous meets the eye of the hurrying traveler, and he is informed, with all due solemnity, that the goats are happy because they chew McGinnis's Chewing Tobacco. The great point in this advertisement rests on the fact that at all hours of the day and night there are always two or three goats perched on this boulder, and the combination is irresistibly funny. A gentleman circulates the story that he and a friend of his, the late Mr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's Church, New York, were passing by a field, when the clergyman's hat flew off and was immediately seized by a goat, who commenced to devour it. His friend said, "That is an extremely intelligent goat, and is simply obeying the orders of the owner of this field," and he pointed to a large sign on the fence, which read, "Chew Morgan's Plug."

THE VILLAGER AND THE SNAKE

A VILLAGER, one frosty day, found under a Hedge a Snake almost dead with cold. Moved with compassion, and having heard that Snake Oil was good for the Rheumatiz, he took it home and placed it on the Hearth, where it shortly began to wake and crawl. Meanwhile, the Villager having gone out to keep an Engagement with a Man 'round the Corner, the Villager's Son (who had not drawn a sober Breath for a Week) entered, and, beholding the Serpent unfolding its plain, unvarnished Tail, with the cry, "I've got 'em again!" fled to the office of the nearest Justice of the Peace, swore off, and became an Apostle of Temperance at $700 a week. The beneficent Snake next bit the Villager's Mother-in-law so severely that Death soon ended her sufferings—and his; then silently stole away, leaving the Villager deeply and doubly in its Debt.

Moral.—A Virtuous Action is not always its only Reward. A snake in the Grass is Worth two in the Boot.

GOERGE T. LANIGAN.

Our marble dealer, C. C. Dunkelburg, is a hustler. Yesterday he left for Vermont to fill an order for seventeen granite monuments sold in this locality, ranging in price from $285 to $1,000. This is an evidence of business which, in these times, is encouraging.—*Gouverneur Free Press.*

PREHISTORIC SMITH

QUARTERNARY EPOCH —POST-PLIOCENE PERIOD

A MAN sat on a rock and sought
  Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by
  And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock
  He sat upon was shale.
One feature quite distinguished him—
  He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into
  A reverie austere;
While with his tail he whisked a fly
  From off his ear.

"Mankind deteriorates," he said,
  "Grows weak and incomplete;
And each new generation seems
  Yet more effete.

"Nature abhors imperfect work,
  And on it lays her ban;
And all creation must despise
  A tailless man.

"But fashion's dictates rule supreme
  Ignoring common sense;
And fashion says, to dock your tail
  Is just immense.

Prehistoric Smith

"And children now come in the world
With half a tail or less;
Too stumpy to convey a thought,
And meaningless.

"It kills expression. How can one
Set forth, in words that drag,
The best emotions of the soul,
Without a wag?"

Sadly he mused upon the world,
Its follies and its woes;
Then wiped the moisture from his eyes,
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith
Came wandering down the dale;
And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose
And wagged his tail.

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT.

Some years ago, when horseback riding was much more common than now, two travelers were journeying through the State of ——. In passing over a stony, sterile region, with here and there a dwarfish shrub and sickly tuft of grass, they chanced to ride by a little cabin. One of the travelers said to the other, "I pity the man that lives here; he must be very poor." The occupant of the cabin overheard the remark, and came out, saying: "Gentlemen, I want you to know that I am not so poor as you think. *I don't own this land.*"

THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE NATIONAL GAME

THE possibilities of the English language have frequently been taxed to describe the great American game of baseball, but for striking illustration this from the *Herald*, of Quincy, Illinois, has rarely been equaled:

"The glass-armed toy soldiers of this town were fed to the pigs yesterday by the cadaverous Indian grave-robbers from Omaha. The flabby one-lunged Reubens who represent the Gem City in the reckless rush for the baseball pennant had their shins toasted by the basilisk-eyed cattle-drivers from the West. They stood around with gaping eyeballs like a hen on a hot nail, and suffered the grizzly yaps of Omaha to run the bases until their necks were long with thirst. Hickey had more errors than Coin's Financial School, and led the rheumatic processsion to the morgue. The Quincys were full of straw and scrap-iron. They couldn't hit a brick-wagon with a pickax, and ran bases like pall-bearers at a funeral. If three-base hits were growing on the back of every man's neck they couldn't reach 'em with a feather duster. It looked as if the Amalgamated Union of South American Hoodoos was in session for work in the thirty-third degree. The geezers stood about and whistled for help, and were so weak they couldn't lift a glass of beer if it had

been all foam. Everything was yellow, rocky and whangbasted, like a stigtossel full of doggle-gammon. The game was whiskered and frost-bitten. The Omahogs were bad enough, but the Quincy Brown Sox had their fins sewed up until they couldn't hold a crazy quilt unless it was tied around their necks."

Years ago, when the "Philosophers," as the guides called them, camped in the Adirondacks, one member of the party occasioned a good deal of criticism. He devoted himself to reading and "worthless writin'," thus, in the opinion of the guides, wasting time which might have been better spent in hunting and fishing. He was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

There was one guide who recognized in Emerson something of his real worth, and upon whom the poet made a great impression.

"Steve," as he was familiarly called, was an observing man, and the poet's physical defects, then undoubtedly more prominent than in later years, did not escape his eye, as may be seen from the answer he gave to the question of the writer of this paragraph:

"What kind of a fellow was Emerson?"

"Wal, sir,' said the old guide, "he was a gentleman every inch—as nice a fellow as you ever see; pleasant and kind—and a scholar, too, allus figgerin', studyin', and writin'; but, sir, he was, I believe, the all-firedest homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these woods."

CHARLES F. BROWNE
("Artemus Ward")

ARTEMUS WARD AND THE PRINCE OF WALES

I WAS drawin near to the Prince, when a red-faced man in Millingtery close grabd holt of me and axed me whare I was goin all so bold?

"To see Albert Edard, the Prince of Wales," sez I. "Who are you?"

He sed he was the Kurnal of the Seventy Fust Regiment, Her Magisty's troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good helth, and was passin by, when he ceased holt of me agin and sed in a tone of indigent cirprise:

"What? Impossible! It kannot be! Blarst my hize, sir, did I understan you to say that you was actooally goin into the presents of his Royal Iniss?"

"That's what's the matter with me," I sez.

"But blarst my hize, sir, its onprecedented. It's orful, sir. Nothin like it hain't happened sins the Gun Powder Plot of Guy Forks. Owdashus man, who air yu?"

"Sir," sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, "I'm a Amerycan sitterzen. My name is Ward. I'm a husband & the father of twins, which I'm happy to state thay look

like me. By perfession I'm a exhibiter of wax works & sich."

"Good God!" yelled the Kurnal; "the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin' into the presents of Royalty! The British Lion may well roar with raje at the thawt!"

Sez I, "Speakin of the British Lion, Kurnal, I'd like to make a bargin with you fur that beast fur a few weeks to add to my Show." I didn't meen nothin by this. I was only gettin orf a goak, but you orter heb seen the Old Kurnal jump up and howl. He actooally foamed at the mowth.

"This can't be real," he showtid. "No, no. It's a horrid dream. Sir, you air not a human bein—you hav no existents—yu're a Myth!"

"Wall," sez I, "old hoss, yule find me a ruther oncomfortable Myth ef you punch my inards in that way agin." I began to git a little riled, fur when he called me a Myth he puncht me putty hard. The Kurnal now commenst showtin fur the Seventy Onesters. I at fust thawt I'd stay & becum a Marter to British Outraje, as sich a course mite git my name up & be a good advertisement fur my Show, but it occurred to me that ef enny of the Seventy Onesters shood happen to insert a baronet into my stummick it mite be onpleasunt; & I was on the pint of runnin orf when the Prince hisself kum up & axed me what the matter was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, is that you?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, "Albert

Edard, hears my keerd. I cum to pay my respecks to the futer King of Ingland. The Kurnal of the Seventy Onesters hear is ruther smawl pertators, but of course you ain't to blame fur that. He puts on as many airs as tho he was the Bully Boy with the glass eye."

"Never mind," sez Albert Edard, "I'm glad to see you, Mister Ward, at all events," & he tuk my hand so plesunt like, & larfed so sweet, that I fell in love with him to onct. He handid me a segar, & we sot down on the Pizarro & commenst smokin rite cheerful.

"Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her Majesty & the Prince are well," he sed.

"Duz the old man take his Lager beer reglar?" I enquired.

The Prince larfed, & intermated that the old man didn't let many kegs of that bevridge spile in the sellar in the coarse of a year. We sot & tawked there sum time abowt matters & things, & bimeby I axed him how he liked bein Prince, as fur as he'd got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go through the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a Show of to be gaped at by everybody. When the *peple* cheer me I feel pleesed, fur I know they meen it; but if these one-horse offishuls cood know how

I see threw all their moves & understan exactly what they air after, & knowd how I larft at 'em in private, theyd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me as they now do. But you know, Mister Ward, I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself for the persishun I must sum time ockepy."

"That's troo," sez I; "sickness & the doctors will carry the Queen orf one of these dase, sure's yer born."

The time hevin arove fur me to take my departer, I rose up & sed: "Albert Edard, I must go, but previs to doin so, I will obsarve that you soot me. Yure a good feller, Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin Princes as a gineral thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King, try & be as good a man as your muther has bin! Be just & be Jenerus, espeshully to showmen, who have allers bin aboosed sins the dase of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Monagery bizniss, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be beleeved Noah's collecksbun of livin wild beests beet ennything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowt ef his snaiks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!" I tuk his hand, which he shook warmly, & givin him a perpetooal free pars to my show, & also parses to take hum for the Queen & Old Albert, I put on my hat and walkt away.

"Mrs. Ward," I solilarquized as I walkt along, "Mrs. Ward, ef you could see your husband

now, just as he prowdly emerjis from the presunts of the future King of Ingland, you'd be sorry you called him a Beest jest becaws he cum home tired 1 nite & wantid to go to bed without takin off his boots. You'd be sorry for tryin to deprive yure husband of the priceless Boon of liberty, Betsy Jane!"

Jest then I met a long perseshun of men with gownds onto 'em. The leader was on horseback, & ridin up to me, he sed:

"Air you Orange?"

Sez I, "Which?"

"Air you a Orangeman?" he repeated, sternly.

"I used to peddle lemins," sed I, "but never delt in oranges. They are apt to spile on yure hands. What particler Loonatic Asylum hev you & yure friends escaped frum, if I may be so bold?" Just then a sudden thawt struck me, & I sed, "Oh, yure the fellers who are worryin the Prince so, & givin the Juke of Noocastle cold sweats at nite, by yure infernal catawalins, air you? Wall, take the advice of a Amerykin sitterzen, take orf them gownds & don't try to get up a religious fite, which is 40 times wuss nor a prize fite, over Albert Edard, who wants to receive you all on a ekal footin, not keerin a tinker's cuss what meetinhouse you sleep in Sundays. Go home & mind yure bisness, & not make noosenses of yourselves." With which observachuns I left 'em.

I shall leave British sile 4thwith.

COURTING IN KENTUCKY

WHEN Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule daown
thar on Injun Bay,
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her
honest way.
I heerd some talk in the village abaout her flyin'
high.
Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter
do ter fly;
But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk
ontell
She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit
with us a spell.
My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since
they could walk,
An' it tuk me aback to hear her kerrectin'
him in his talk.

Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he hain't
his beat for work;
But I sez ter myself, "Look out, my gal, yer
a-foolin' with a Turk!"
Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a
mournful way,
He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's
at Injun Bay.
I remember once he was askin' for some o' my
Injun buns,
An' she said he should allus say "them air,"
stid o' "them is" the ones.

Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin' long,
Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong.

One day I was pickin' currants daown by the old quince tree,
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin', "Be yer willin' ter marry me?"
An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye willin', yeou sh'd say";
Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum decided way,
"No wimmen-folks is a-goin' ter be rearrangin' me.
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an' 'I be.'
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say:
But I ain't a-goin' to take no sass from folks from Injun Bay.
I asked you free an' final, 'Be ye goin' ter marry me?'"
An' Mary Ann says, tremblin' yet anxious-like, "I be."

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

HER CRAVING

"YES," said the Cedar Street lawyer, "there are many funny incidents in the law business, but there is a sad side to some of them, too, which makes me reflect on how small a proportion of all human wrongs and misfortunes we are able to relieve. One day, soon after I began practice, a handsome and fashionably dressed woman came into my office. From her looks I judged she was not much over twenty years of age, and I learned afterward that she had been married only a short time before. She told me that she had been sent by a clergyman who was a friend of mine, and after some hesitation added that she had had trouble with her husband.

"I supposed that my visitor was seeking to be released from Hymen's bonds, and asked if there was any evidence on which she could base an action for divorce. She seemed to be horrified at the thought, and said:

"'Oh, no, sir; I don't want a divorce.'

"'Well, then,' I said, 'probably you can get a separation.' And I enumerated the grounds on which it could be obtained.

"'But I wouldn't have a separation if I could get it,' said she.

"I was becoming a trifle puzzled, but I hazarded another suggestion.

"'Better go up to Judge Blank,' I said,

naming one of the police justices. 'He will give you a warrant, and you can bring your husband into court and make him contribute a fixed sum per week to your support.'

"'I don't want him to contribute to my support,' said the woman, almost crying by this time. 'I can make more money than he can.'

"This was exasperating, so I said:

"'Well, madam, you can't get and don't want a divorce or a separation, and you don't wish to compel your husband to contribute to your support. You must pardon me if I fail to see how I can advise you, for I have no idea as to what you do want.'

"Tears welled up in the young woman's eyes, and, clasping her hands, she faltered, plaintively:

"'I—I—want him—to—to—love me!'"

Timid Lady (going up the Washington monument elevator): "Conductor, what if the rope breaks that holds us?"

Conductor: "Oh, there are a number more attached as safety ropes."

Timid Lady: "But if they all break, where shall we go?"

Conductor: "Oh, well, m'm, that all depends upon what kind of a life you have been living before."

GEORGE T. LANIGAN

THE AMATEUR ORLANDO

The Result of the Hunky Kid's Paying Charles the Wrestler

It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.
(Kind reader, although your
Knowledge of French is not first-class
Don't call that Amature),
It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.,
The which did warfare wage
On the dramatic works of this
And every other age.

It had a walking gentleman,
A leading juvenile,
First lady in book-muslin dressed
With a galvanic smile;
Thereto a singing chambermaid,
Benignant heavy pa,
And, oh, heavier still was the heavy vill-
Ain, with his fierce "Ha! Ha!"

There wasn't an author from Shakespeare down
—Or up—to Boucicault,
These amateurs weren't competent
(S. Wegg) to collar and throw.

And when the winter time came round—
"Season's" a stagier phrase—
The Am. Dram. Ass. assaulted one
Of the Bard of Avon's plays.

'Twas "As You Like It" that they chose,
For the leading lady's heart
Was set on playing Rosalind,
Or some other page's part.
And the President of the Am. Dram. Ass.,
A stalwart dry-goods clerk,
Was cast for Orlando, in which rôle
He felt he'd make his mark.

"I mind me," said the President
(All thoughtful was his face),
"When Orlando was taken by Thingummy,
That Charles was played by Mace.
Charles hath not many lines to speak;
Nay, not a single length—
Oh, if find we can a Mussulman
(That is, a man of strength),
And bring him on the stage as Charles—
But, alas! it can't be did——"
'It can," replied the Treasurer;
"Let's get The Hunky Kid."

This Hunky Kid, of whom they spoke,
Belonged to the P. R.;
He always had his hair cut short,
And always had catarrh.
His voice was gruff, his language rough,
His forehead villainous low,

And 'neath his broken nose a vast
  Expanse of jaw did show.
He was forty-eight about the chest,
  And his forearm at the mid-
Dle measured twenty-one and a half—
  Such was The Hunky Kid!

The Am. Dram. Ass. they have engaged
  This pet of the P. R.
As Charles the Wrestler, he's to be
  A bright particular star.
And when they put the programme out,
  Announce him thus they did—
Orlando . . . MR. ROMEO JONES
  Charles . . . MR. T. H. KIDD.

. . . The night has come; the house is packed
  From pit to gallery;
As those who through the curtain peep
  Quake inwardly to see.
A squeak's heard in the orchestra,
  The leader draws across
Th' intestines of the agile cat
  The tail of the noble hoss.
All is at sea behind the scenes,
  Why do they fear and funk?
Alas! alas! The Hunky Kid
  Is lamentably drunk!
He's in that most unlovely stage
  Of half-intoxication,
When men resent the hint they're tight,
  As a personal imputation.

"Ring up! Ring up!" Orlando cried
"Or we must cut the scene;
For Charles the Wrestler is imbued
With poisonous benzine
And every moment gets more drunk
Than he before has been."

. . . The wrestling scene has come, and Charles
Is much disguised in drink;
The stage to him's an inclined plane,
The footlights make him blink,
Still strives he to act well his part
Where all the honor lies,
Though Shakespeare would not in his lines
His language recognize.
Instead of "Come, where is this young—?"
This man of bone and brawn,
He squares himself, and bellows, "Time!
Fetch your Orlandos on!"

"Now Hercules be thy speed, young man,"
Fair Rosalind, said she,
As the two wrestlers in the ring
They grappled furiously;
But Charles the Wrestler had no sense
Of dramatic propriety.

He seized on Mr. Romeo Jones
In Græco-Roman style;
He got what they call a grapevine lock
On that leading juvenile.

He flung him into the orchestra
  And the man with the ophicleide,
On whom he fell, he just said—well,
  No matter what, and died!

When once the tiger has tasted blood,
  And found that it is sweet,
He has a habit of killing more
  Than he can possibly eat.
And thus it was that The Hunky Kid
  In his homicidal blindness,
He lifted his hand against Rosalind
  Not in the way of kindness.
He chased poor Celia off at L.,
  At R. U. E., Le Beau,
And he put such a head upon Duke Fred,
  In fifteen seconds or so,
That never one of the courtly train
  Might his haughty master know.

. . . . . .

And that's precisely what came to pass
  Because the luckless carls
Belonging to the Am. Dram. Ass.
  Cast The Hunky Kid for Charles!

The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his smaller daughter: At a dinner one day there was a party of guests for whom Mr. Nye was doing his best in the way of entertainment, when the lady said to a little girl, "Your father is a very funny man!" "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE

THE ROMANCE OF THE CARPET

BASKING in peace in the warm spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May! and the day was fair,
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless
breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,
As he stood with a carriage whip in his hand.

And he laughed as he doffed his bobtail coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she'd tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner-bell
Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And he pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day, too,
That fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew,

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent.

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away.

Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footsteps fleet.

And never again the morning sun
Smiled on him beating his carpet-drum.

And South Hill often said with a yawn,
"Where's the carpet-martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and passed,
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast.

For never yet, since that bright spring-time,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.

Over the fence a gray-haired man
Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clum, clamb.

He found him a stick in the old woodpile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn,
As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn.

And he hit it a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gave his echoes back.

And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.

She knew his face; she gasped, and sighed,
"A little more on the other side."

Right down on the ground his stick he throwed,
And he shivered and said, "Well, I am blowed!"

And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not more, not more.

It was before an Irish trial justice. The evidence was all in, and the plaintiff's attorney had made a long, eloquent and logical argument. Then the defendant's attorney took the floor. "What you doing?" asked the justice, as the lawyer began. "Going to present our side of the case." "I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tindency to confuse the Coort." So the defendant's lawyer sat down.

SAM DAVIS

THE FIRST PIANO IN A MINING-CAMP

In 1858—it might have been five years earlier or later; this is not the history for the public schools—there was a little camp about ten miles from Pioche, occupied by upward of three hundred miners, every one of whom might have packed his prospecting implements and left for more inviting fields any time before sunset. When the day was over, these men did not rest from their labors, like the honest New England agriculturist, but sang, danced, gambled, and shot each other, as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along the main street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef and that the bodies were coming in. Presently a lumbering old conveyance labored up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses, well worn out with their pull. The cart contained a good-sized box, and no sooner did its outlines become visible, through the glimmer of a stray light here and there, than it began to affect the idlers. Death always enforces respect, and even though no one had caught sight of the remains, the crowd

gradually became subdued, and when the horses came to a standstill the cart was immediately surrounded. The driver, however was not in the least impressed with the solemnity of his commission.

"All there?" asked one.

"Haven't examined. Guess so."

The driver filled his pipe, and lit it as he continued:

"Wish the bones and load had gone over the grade!"

A man who had been looking on stepped up to the man at once.

"I don't know who you have in that box, but if they happen to be any friends of mine I'll lay you alongside."

"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster, coolly. "Just burst the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two looked at each other for a moment, and then the crowd gathered a little closer, anticipating trouble.

"I believe that dead men are entitled to good treatment, and when you talk about hoping to see corpses go over a bank, all I have to say is, that it will be better for you if the late lamented ain't my friends."

"We'll open the box. I don't take back what I've said, and if my language don't suit your ways of thinking, I guess I can stand it."

With these words the teamster began to pry up the lid. He got a board off, and then pulled

out some rags. A strip of something dark, like rosewood, presented itself

"Eastern coffins, by thunder!" said several, and the crowd looked quite astonished.

Some more boards flew up, and the man who was ready to defend his friend's memory shifted his weapon a little. The cool manner of the teamster had so irritated him that he had made up his mind to pull his weapon at the first sight of the dead, even if the deceased was his worst and oldest enemy. Presently the whole of the box-cover was off, and the teamster, clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all alike.

"Boys," said he, "this is a pianner."

A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the nearest bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke all the attention it called for.

Had a dozen dead men been in the box their presence in the camp could not have occasioned half the excitement that the arrival of that lonely piano caused. But the next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace a hurdy-gurdy saloon, owned by Tom Goskin, the leading gambler in the place. It took nearly a week to get his wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest individual in

the state. It rose gradually from a recumbent to an upright position amid a confusion of tongues, after the manner of the Tower of Babel.

Of course everybody knew just how such an instrument should be put up. One knew where the "off hind leg" should go, and another was posted on the "front piece."

Scores of men came to the place every day to assist.

"I'll put the bones in good order."

"If you want the wires tuned up, I'm the boy."

"I've got music to feed it for a month."

Another brought a pair of blankets for a cover, and all took the liveliest interest in it. It was at last in a condition for business.

"It's been showin' its teeth all the week. We'd like to have it spit out something."

Alas! there wasn't a man to be found who could play upon the instrument. Goskin began to realize that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler, and a Mexican who thrummed a guitar. A pianist would have made his orchestra complete. One day a three-card monte player told a friend confidentially that he could "knock any amount of music out of the piano, if he only had it alone a few hours, to get his hand in." This report spread about the camp, but on being questioned he vowed that he didn't know a note of music. It was noted, however, as a suspicious circumstance, that he often hung about the instrument, and looked upon it longingly, like a hungry man

gloating over a beefsteak in a restaurant window. There was no doubt but that this man had music in his soul, perhaps in his fingers-ends, but did not dare to make trial of his strength after the rules of harmony had suffered so many years of neglect. So the fiddler kept on with his jigs, and the greasy Mexican pawed his discordant guitar, but no man had the nerve to touch the piano. There were doubtless scores of men in the camp who would have given ten ounces of gold-dust to have been half an hour alone with it, but every man's nerve shrank from the jeers which the crowd would shower upon him should his first attempt prove a failure. It got to be generally understood that the hand which first essayed to draw music from the keys must not slouch its work.

. . . . . .

It was Christmas Eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling hell with sprigs of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play the instrument.

"Christmas Night, and no piano-pounder," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper, he scrawled the words:

$20 Reward
To a compitant Pianer Player

This he stuck up on the music-rack, and, though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merrymaking went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man, crouching near the fireplace. His garments—such as were left—were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands toward the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent. He looked about him once in awhile as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of the revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with it all of the gloom, and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nog, advanced, and remarked cheerily:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips, and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains —caught in the storm? Lively night, this!"

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and walking over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon some roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger, he seemed to expand and lighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes, the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

"Do you always have your place decorated like this?" he finally asked of Goskin.

"This is Christmas Eve," was the reply.

The stranger was startled.

"December 24th, sure enough."

"That's the way I put it up, pard."

"When I was in England I always kept Christmas. But I had forgotten that this was the night. I've been wandering about in the mountains until I've lost track of the feasts of the church."

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the expression.

"I used to play when I was young."

Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune! Nary man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seizing a candle-box, he drew it up and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take in a fifty-dollar bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking, with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation, and as he wove his cords together the music laid its spell upon

every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys, like a man treading uncertain paths, but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left!" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballads they had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough and squeezed out tears as from a wet sponge.

As the strains flowed one upon the other, the listeners saw their homes of the long-ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple-blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the old New England states; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they recalled the heather of Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the

sullen roar of the sea, as it beat upon their memories, vaguely. Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in church thirty years before; the subtile music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mistletoe, and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry and devilment left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying his head down on the piano, fell alseep.

"I say, pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down in the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before morning. I'd like to see his face once before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out into the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin. It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blankets over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash-drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's tracks through the snow, and lost them in the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked toward the ceiling for inspiration, on the night of December 24, 1858.

THE LEARNED NEGRO

(ANONYMOUS)

THERE was a Negro preacher, I have heard,
In Southern parts before rebellion stirred,
Who did not spend his strength in empty sound;
His was a mind deep-reaching and profound.
Others might beat the air, and make a noise,
And help to amuse the silly girls and boys;
But as for him he was a man of thought,
Deep in theology, although untaught.
He could not read nor write, but he was wise,
And knew right smart how to extemporize.
One Sunday morn, when hymns and prayers were said,
The preacher rose, and rubbing up his head,
"Bredren and sisterin, and companions dear,
Our preachment to-day, as you shall hear,
Will be ob de creation—ob de plan
On which God fashioned Adam, de fust man.
When God made Adam, in de ancient day,
He made his body out ob earth and clay.
He shape him all out right, den by and by,
He set him up agin de fence to dry."
"Stop," said a voice; and straightway there uprose,
An ancient Negro in his master's clothes.
"Tell me," said he, "before you farder go,
One little thing which I should like to know.

It does not quite get through dis niggar's har,
How came dat fence so nice and handy dar?"
Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,
Or one nonplussed, astonished, thunderstruck,
The preacher looked severely on the pews,
And rubbed his hair to know what words to use:
"Bredren," said he, "dis word I hab to say:
De preacher can't be bothered in dis way;
For, if he is, it's jest as like as not,
Our whole theology will be upsot."

Bill Nye was once chatting with Senator Shirley of Maine, and remarked upon the fact that he (Nye) was born at Shirley in the Senator's state, adding that the town had doubtless been named for one of the Senator's ancestors.

"I didn't know," said the Senator, "that there was such a town in Maine as Shirley."

"I didn't know it, either," said Nye, "until I was born there."

A son of a dignified Hartford man, although not old in years, has a good bit of age in brains.

The family observe the custom of silent blessing at the table, and at dinner recently the six-year-old spoke up:

"Why don't you say it aloud, pa?"

"You can say it aloud if you choose, my son," replied the father, and bowing his head solemnly the little fellow originated this unique grace:

"God have mercy on these victuals."

CHARLES F. BROWN
("Artemus Ward")

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bol I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest [N. B.—This is rote Sarcastical. Injins is Pizin, wharever found], which they Sed I was their Brother, & wanted for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he'd meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarved.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sogers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the Mormins but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um, & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in

Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Young, the grate mogull amung the Mormins, and axed his permisshun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed:

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-Day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, ritein him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertinly am marrid."

"How do you like it, as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed. "Middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replied that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordinly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big, & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was Plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze

rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them *Atlantic Munthly* fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hev eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, getting up & staring at him.

"Sealed, sir!" Sealed.

"Wharebowts?" sez I.

"I sed, sir, that they were sealed!" He spoke in a tragerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any grate extent, sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turning as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may have as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them is as Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretoooual wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the following fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere, & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare

is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats calls him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin, & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite among theirselves so much that he has bilt a fiting room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has 'em turned loose into that place, where the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots, & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks, and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with biling hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previshly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfspring git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircoot'us rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a married life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a large krowd of Mormins, which they surroundid me & statid they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showted.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin very rapid, "we 're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I, gettin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowd & defiant mean—"tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the U. S.!"

"Oh, now, let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femailes, puttin thare arms round me in luvin style. "Become 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh, stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall, gawnt femaile, ore whose hed 37 summirs hev parsd—"stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa, you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" *That's what I sed,* JES so.

"& I," sed a fat, chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin' Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollars and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile be still troo 2 thee, oh, Betsy Jane! [N. B.—Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry here in the promist Land?" sed several of the meserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernal noncents. I girdid up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & Left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprinsipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe.

"Here, Benny," said Mr. Bloombumper to his young son, as the latter started to church, "is a five-cent piece and a quarter. You can put which you please into the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church. Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the nickel in."

There are trees in California so tall that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

SIMILAR CASES

THERE was once a little animal,
  No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
  Over Tertiary rocks
They called him Eohippus,
  And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value—
  When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpish old Dinoceras,
  And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy,
  In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,
  "I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails
  To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
  I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
  On the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified,
  The Dinoceras was shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
  But he skipped away and mocked.

Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go view his father bones.
Said they, "You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence
That you're always going to be.
What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why! You'd have to change your nature!"
Said the Loxolophodon.
They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene;
That was the way they argued,
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,
Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
"I'm going to be a Man!
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
And conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees,
To make my houses higher!

I'm going to kill the Mastodon!
I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
With laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
Which didn't seem to hit.
And then they gave him reasons
Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, "In the first place,
The thing cannot be done!
And, second, if it *could* be,
It would not be any fun!
And, third, and most conclusive,
And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!
We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
Unusually bright,

Similar Cases

Unusually clever he,
  Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
  On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbors,
  Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, "My friends, in course of time,
  We shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities,
  We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day
  Without the natural cause!
We are going to turn life upside down
  About a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth, and take
  As much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
  Outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Diseases!
  And Accomplishments!! And Sins!!!"

Then they all rose up in fury
  Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
  Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, "This is chimerical!
  Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another, "What a stupid life!
  Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all, "Before such things can come,
  You idiotic child,

You must alter Human Nature!"
And they sat all back and smiled.
Thought they, "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind!

In 1864 President Lincoln was greatly bothered by the well-meant but ill-advised efforts of certain good Northern men to bring about a termination of the war. An old gentleman from Massachusetts, very bland and entirely bald, was especially persistent and troublesome. Again and again he appeared before the President and was got rid of by one and another ingenious expedient. One day, when this angel of mercy had been boring Mr. Lincoln for half an hour, to the interruption of important business, the President suddenly rose, went to a closet, and took out of it a large bottle. "Did you ever try this remedy for baldness?" he asked, holding up the bottle before his astonished visitor. No; the man was obliged to confess that he never had tried it. Mr. Lincoln called a servant had the bottle wrapped up, and handed it to the bald philanthropist. "There," said he, "go and rub some of that on your head. Persevere. They say it will make the hair grow. Come back in about three months and report." And almost before he knew it, the good man was outside of the door with the package under his arm.

THE KIND-HEARTED SHE-ELEPHANT

A KIND-HEARTED She-elephant, while walking through the Jungle where the Spicy Breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, heedlessly set foot upon a Partridge, which she crushed to death within a few inches of the Nest containing its Callow Brood. "Poor little things!" said the generous Mammoth. "I have been a Mother myself, and my affection shall atone for the Fatal Consequences of my neglect." So saying, she sat down upon the Orphaned Birds.

Moral.—The above Teaches us What Home is Without a Mother; also, that it is not every Person who should be intrusted with the Care of an Orphan Asylum.

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

Judge Henry Howland tells the story of the embarrassed but generous-hearted young man who felt called upon to relieve the sudden cessation of drawing-room conversation, which oftentimes overtakes even the most brilliant social circles. With the blushes surmounting his cheeks he timidly turned to the daughter of the hostess, who was not present in the room, and inquired:

"Ho-ow is yo-your mo-mo-mother? N-not th-that I gi-give a d——n, bu-but it ma-makes ta-talk."

PALABRAS GRANDIOSAS

AFTER T—— B—— A——

I LAY i' the bosom of the sun,
Under the roses dappled and dun.
I thought of the Sultan Gingerbeer,
In his palace beside the Bendemeer,
With his Afghan guards and his eunuchs blind,
And the harem that stretched for a league behind
The tulips bent i' the summer breeze,
Under the broad chrysanthemum trees,
And the minstrel, playing his culverin,
Made for mine ears a merry din.
If I were the Sultan, and he were I,
Here i' the grass he should loafing lie,
And I should bestride my zebra steed,
And the ride of the hunt of the centipede:
While the pet of the harem, Dandeline,
Should fill me a crystal bucket of wine,
And the kislar aga, Up-to-Snuff,
Should wipe my mouth when I sighed
"Enough!"
And the gay court-poet, Fearfulbore,
Should sit in the hall when the hunt was o'er,
And chant me songs of silvery tone,
Not from Hafiz, but—mine own!

Ah, wee sweet love, beside me here,
I am not the Sultan Gingerbeer,
Nor you the odalisque Dandeline,
Yet, I am yourn, and you are mine!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

HOW I KILLED A BEAR

So MANY conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself and to the bear it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is, that we were both out blackberrying and met by chance—the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears—a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August—just the sort of a day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage—there were four of them—to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back

of the house, to pick blackberries. It was, rather, a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briers, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him, if he started up instead of standing still, puzzled me. Many people use a shotgun for partridges. I prefer the rifle; it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharps, carrying a ball cartridge (ten to the pound) —an excellent weapon belonging to a friend of mine, who had intended, for a good many years back, to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it—if the wind did not blow, and the atmosphere was just right, and the tree was not too far off—nearly every time. Of course the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry tree. I loaded a big shotgun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from

the bird, shut both eyes and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show that, although I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry patch bears had been seen. The summer before our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods and walked toward them. The girl took to her heels and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him: at any rate, after watching her a few moments, he turned about and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance toward the African slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cowpaths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the crackling of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second and then shambled off into the brush. I became accustomed to this dumb society. and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood-noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to a cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped, and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling

daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be, kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs, and doing just what I was doing—picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth—green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I didn't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you wouldn't do it; I didn't. The bear dropped down on his forefeet and came slowly toward me. Climbing a tree was of no use, with so good a climber in the rear. If I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase; and although a bear cannot run down hill as fast as he can run uphill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries—much

better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground, and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries and stopped. Not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over and nosed about in the fruit, "gorming" (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring, he always upsets the buckets of syrup, and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath, and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that, even in such a compulsory review, it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected

a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead, and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I couldn't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head; to plant the ball between his eyes, but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small; and, unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet in his head—that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of the foreleg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach, unless the bear stands off, side toward you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there; but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach, or lying on my back, and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I

reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short; and the bear wouldn't wait for me to examine the thermometer, and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of offhand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife, or hurting her feelings, was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on and I did not return! What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed and no blackberries came! What would be my wife's mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten by a bear! I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear. And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends, and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this:

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF

EATEN BY A BEAR
Aug. 20, 1877

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten," for that is indefinite, and requires explanation: it might mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German, where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man, and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German—

HIER LIEGT
HOCHWOHLGEBOREN
HERR ————————
GEFRESSEN
Aug. 20, 1877

That explains itself. The well-born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear—an animal that has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on; he had, in fact, come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then I turned and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped

in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still, he might be shamming: bears often sham. To make sure, I approached and put a ball into his head. He didn't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:

"Where are your blackberries?"

"Why were you gone so long?"

"Where's your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail? What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it a bear had it."

"Oh, come! You didn't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it! What did you do?"

"Oh! nothing particular—except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon!" Don't believe it." "Where's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear, you must go up in the woods. I couldn't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear-hunter, who keeps one of the summer boarding-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity; and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case, but everybody who could get a gun carried one; and we went into the woods, armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises—a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no-mistake bear, by George! and the hero of the fight—well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home! and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well on the whole. They didn't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Dean, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn.

This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night, my last delicious thought was, "I've killed a bear!"

ON THE CONTRARY

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND confesses that he is not a success at poker. Henry Clay was more fortunate. He used to have card parties at the Ashland homestead, and it is not on record that the speculation was a bad one. One day a young lady visitor from the North, to whom the sight of the poker tables was rather an alarming one, said to the wife of the statesman:

"Mrs. Clay, doesn't it shock you to see your husband playing cards so much in his own house?"

"Oh, no," replied the benevolent old lady innocently; "he 'most always wins."

EARLY RISING

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right!

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thompson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
  It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
  At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
  Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
  Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
  For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
  To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cozily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
  I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
  Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all
      surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays
  Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
  Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse
  The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
  As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
  Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, inshrines
In freehold nests; themselves their heirs,
  Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest term of Cupid's Court,
  Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Season of frolic and of sport,
  Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

It was while Melville E. Stone was editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, on the night of the Ashtabula catastrophe. On receiving the first bulletin he wired to the special correspondent in Ashtabula:

"Rush all particulars."

In due course of time he received the following reply:

"All is excitement. Can learn nothing."

HENRY W. SHAW ("Josh Billings")

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"*Benzine.*"—Men who have a grate deal to do with hosses seem tew demoralize faster than the hosses do.

Hosses are like dice, and kards; altho they are virteous enuff themselves, how natral it iz two gambol with them.

Hosses luv the society ov man, and being susceptible ov grate deceit, they will learn a man how to cheat and lie before he knows it.

I know lots ov folks who are real pius, and who are honest enuff tew work up into united estate accessors, and hav sum good-sized moral chunks left over, but when they cum tew tork hoss they want az mutch looking after az a case ov dipthery.

"*Benvolio.*"—In writing for yu an alanasiss ov the frog, i must confess that i hav coppied the whole thing, "verbatus ad liberating," from the works ov a selebrated French writer on natural history, ov the 16th sentry.

The frog iz, in the fust case, a tadpole, aul boddy and tail, without cuming tew a head.

He travels in pond holes, bi the side ov the turnpike, and iz accellerated bi the acktivity ov his tail, which wriggles with uncommon

limberness and vivacity. Bi and bi, pretty soon before long, in a few daze, his tail iz no more, and legs begin to emerge from the south end ov the animal; and from the north end, at the same time, may be seen a disposition tew head out.

In this cautious way the frog iz built, and then for the fust time in his life begins two git his head abuv water.

His success is now certain, and soon, in about five daze more, he may be seen sitting down on himself bi the side ov the pond hole, and looking at the dinner baskets ov the children on their way tew the distrikt skoolhous.

Az the children cum more nearer, with a club, or chunk ov a brickbat in his hand tew swott him with, he rares up on his behind leggs, and enters the water, head fust, without opening the door. Thus the frog does bizzness for a spell of time, until he gits tew be 21, and then his life iz more ramified.

Frogs hav 2 naturs, ground and water, and are az free from sin az an oyster.

I never knu a frog tew hurt ennyboddy who paid his honest dets and took the daily papers.

I don't reckoleckt now whether a frog has enny before leggs or not, and if he don't it ain't ennyboddy's bizzness but the frog's.

Their hind legs are used for refreshments, but the rest ov him won't pay for eating.

A frog iz the only person who kan live in a well and not git tired.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night after Christmas, and all through the flat,
Every creature was wide-awake—barring the cat;
The stockings were flung in a heap on a chair,
Quite empty of candy St. Nick had put there.
The children were all doubled up in their beds,
With pains in their tummies and aches in their heads.
Mamma heated water, while I, in my wrapper,
Was walking the kid (who is not a kid-napper);
When out in the street there arose a great clatter,
And I put down the kid to see what was the matter;
Rushed out in the entry, threw the door open wide,
And found an old gentleman standing outside.
I looked at him closely, and realized then
'Twas the doctor I'd sent for that morning at ten.
He was dressed in an ulster, to keep him from chills,
And his pockets were bulging with boxes of pills.
He came to the nursery and opened his pack,
Full of fresh paragoric and strong ipecac;
Rhubarb and soda-mints, fine castor oil,
And pink sticking-plaster, rolled up in a coil.
The children all howled in a chorus of pain,
And the kid lifted up his contralto again.

He felt all their pulses and looked at their tongues,
Took all their temperatures, sounded their lungs.
When he'd dosed all the children and silenced the kid,
He put back his medicine, down the stairs slid,
Jumped into his cab, and said to the driver
(In excellent humor—he'd just made a "fiver"):
"I'm twelve hours behind my appointments, I fear,
But I wish it was Christmas each day in the year!"

"P. FAMILIAS."

A young husband, finding that his pretty but rather extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one day a neat little account book. This he presented to her, together with fifty dollars.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes; and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."

A couple of weeks later he asked for the book.

"Oh, I have kept the account all right!" said his wife. "See—here it is."

On one page was inscribed, "Received from Willie, fifty dollars," and on the opposite page was the comprehensive little summary, "Spent it all."

CHARLES F. BROWNE
("Artemus Ward")

THE TOWER OF LONDON

MR. PUNCH,—*My Dear Sir:*—I skurcely need inform you that your excellent Tower is very pop'lar with peple from the agricultooral districks, and it was chiefly them class which I found waitin at the gates the other mornin.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basisis I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alars! no," I anserd; "we boste of our enterprise and improovements, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

The gates was opened after awhile, and we all purchist tickets, and went into a waitin room.

"My frens," said a pale-faced little man, in black close, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I say.

"I mean it is sad to think that so many peple

have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if they feel like it; but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this institoo-tion were a bad lot, and their crimes were trooly orful; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own relations I couldn't. It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occurd during the rain of Henry the Three. Let us be cheerful," I continnered. "Look at the festiv Warders, in their red flannil jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thusly with us?"

A warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Trater's Gate, the armers, and things. The Trater's Gate is wide enuff to admit about twenty traters abrest, I should jedge; but beyond this, I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in gen'ral.

Traters, I will here remark, are a onfortnit class of peple. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country —they fail, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes.

Take the case of Gloster, afterward Old Dick the Three, who may be seen at the Tower on horseback, in a heavy tin overcoat—take Mr. Gloster's case. Mr. G. was a conspirator of the basist dye, and if he'd failed he would have been hung on a sour apple tree. But Mr. G. succeeded, and became great. He was

slewed by Col. Richmond, but he lives in history, and his equestrian figger may be seen daily for a sixpence, in conjunction with other em'nent persons, and no extra charge for the Warder's able and bootiful lectur.

Ther's one king in this room who is mounted onto a foaming steed, his right hand graspin a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistils and other weppins is kept is interestin. Among this collection of choice cuttlery I notist the bow and arrer which those hot-heded old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrer used at this day by certain tribes of American Injuns, and they shoot 'em off with such a excellent precision that I almost sigh'd to be an Injun when I was in the Rocky Mountain regin. They are a pleasant lot them Injuns. Mr. Cooper and Dr. Catlin have told us of the red man's wonerful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said:

"Brothers! the pale face is welcome. Brothers! the sun is sinking in the west, and Wa-na-bucky-she will soon cease speakin. Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin extink."

He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whisky, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here, while on the subjeck of

Injuns that they are in the main a very shaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewailin' the fack that every year "carries the noble red man nearer the settin sun," I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin sun. They call you by the sweet name of Brother one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomas-hawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept is a wax figger of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a fiery stuffed hoss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears. I have associated Elizabeth with the Spanish Armandy. She's mixed with it at the Surrey Theatre, where Troo to the Core is bein' acted, and in which a full bally core is introjooced on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, giving the audiens the idee that he intends openin a moosic hall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interesting drammer is Troo to the Core, notwithstandin the eccentric conduct of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in Queen Elizabeth to make Martin Truegold a baronet.

The Warder shows us some instrooments of tortur, such as thumbscrews, throat-collars, etc., statin' that these was conkered from the Spanish Armandy, and addin what a crooil peple the Spaniards was in them days—which elissited

from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she tho't it *was* rich to talk about the crooilty of the Spaniards usin thumbscrews when he was in a Tower where so many poor peple's heads had been cut off. This made the warder stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's brightness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassiges, etc. The sad-lookin man, who had wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round, fling'd such quantities of sassige into his mouth that I expected to see him choke hisself to death; he said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their onhappy names on the cold walls, "This is a sad sight."

"It is indeed," I anserd. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat sassige in public without some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it orkwardly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room."

Indeed, he was quite right. Tho so long ago all these drefful things happened, I was very glad to git away from this gloomy room and go where the rich and sparklin' Crown Jewils is kept. I was so pleased with the Queen's Crown that it occurd to me what a agree'ble surprise it would be to send a sim'lar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder

what was the vally of a good, well-constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funs I have in the Jint Stock Bank, I conclooded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid.

And so I left the tower. It is a solid and commandin edifis, but I deny that it is cheerful. I bid it adoo without a pang.

I was droven to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four-wheeler that I ever saw. He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillings.

"I'll give you six d's more," I said, "if it hurts you so."

"It isn't that," he said, with a hartrendin groan; "it's only a way I have. My mind's upset to-day. I at one time tho't I'd drive into the Thames. I've been readin all the daily papers to try and understand about Governor Eyre, and my mind is totterin. It's really wonderful I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the onhappy man what his number was, so I could redily find him in case I should want him agin, and bad him good-by. And then I tho't what a frollicsome day I'd made of it. Respectably, etc.,

ARTEMUS WARD.

—*Punch*, 1866.

IN THE CATACOMBS

SAM BROWN was a fellow from 'way down East,
Who never was "staggered" in the least.
No tale of marvelous beast or bird
Could match the stories he had heard;
No curious place or wondrous view
"Was ekil to Podunk, I tell yu."

If they told him of Italy's sunny clime,
"Maine kin beat it, every time!"
If they marveled at Ætna's fount of fire,
They roused his ire.
With an injured air
He'd reply, "I swear
I don't think much of a smokin' hill;
We've got a moderate little rill
Kin make yer old volcaner still;
Jes' pour old Kennebec down the crater,
'N' I guess it'll cool her fiery nater!"

They showed him a room where a queen had slept;
"'Twan't up to the tavern daddy kept."
They showed him Lucerne; but he had drunk
From the beautiful Molechunkamunk.
They took him at last to ancient Rome,
And inveighled him into a catacomb:

Here they plied him with drafts of wine,
Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine,
Till the fumes of Falernian filled his head,
And he slept as sound as the silent dead;
They removed a mummy to make him room,
And laid him at length in the rocky tomb.

They piled old skeletons round the stone,
Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone,
And left him to slumber there alone;
Then watched from a distance the taper's gleam,
Waiting to jeer at his frightened scream,
When he should wake from his drunken dream.

After a time the Yankee woke,
But instantly saw through the flimsy joke;
So never a cry or shout he uttered,
But solemnly rose, and slowly muttered:
"I see how it is. It's the judgment day,
We've all been dead and stowed away:
All these stone furreners sleepin' yet,
An' I'm the fust one up, you bet!
Can't none o' you Romans start, I wonder?
United States ahead, by thunder!"

HARLAN HOGE BALLARD.

WHY NOT?

Mrs. Lemuel Scraggs (President of the Scraggsville Woman's Suffrage League): "Now remember, Lem, don't get bashful when you ask for that divided skirt. If you do, just pray to God; *She* will give you courage."

FRANCES LEE PRATT

CAPTAIN BEN'S CHOICE

An old red house on a rocky shore, with a fisherman's blue boat rocking on the bay, and two white sails glistening far away over the water. Above, the blue, shining sky; and below, the blue shining sea.

"It seems clever to have a pleasant day," said Mrs. Davids, sighing.

Mrs. Davids said everything with a sigh, and now she wiped her eyes also on her calico apron. She was a woman with a complexion like faded seaweed, who seemed always pitying herself.

"I tell them," said she, "I have had real hard luck. My husband is buried off in California, and my son died in the army and is buried down South. Neither of them is buried together."

Then she sighed again. Twice, this time.

"And so," she continued, taking out a pinch of bayberry snuff, "I am left alone in the world. *Alone*, I say! Why, I've got a daughter, but she is away out West. She is married to an engineer-man. And I 've got two grandchildren."

Mrs. Davids took the pinch of bayberry and shook her head, looking as though that was the "hardest luck" of all.

"Well, everybody has to have their pesters, and you'll have to take yours," rejoined Miss Persis Tame, taking a pinch of snuff—the real Maccaboy—twice as large, with twice as fierce an action. "I don't know what it is to bury children, nor to lose a husband; I s'pose I don't; but I know what it is to be jammed round the world and not have a ruff to stick my head under. I wish I had all the money I ever spent traveling—and *that's* twelve dollars," she continued regretfully.

"Why in the world don't you marry and have a home of your own," sighed Mrs. Davids.

"Well, I don't *expect* to marry. I don't know as I do at my time of life," responded the spinster. "I rather guess my day for chances is gone by."

"You ain't such a dreadful sight older than I am, though," replied Mrs. Davids reflectively.

"Not so old by two full years," returned Miss Tame, taking another smart pinch of snuff, as though it touched the empty spot in her heart and did it good. "But *you* ain't looking out for opportunities yet, I suppose."

Mrs. Davids sighed evasively. "We can't tell what is before us. There is more than one man in want of a wife."

As though to point her words, Captain Ben Lundy came in sight on the beach, his head a long way forward and his shambling feet trying in vain to keep up.

"Thirteen months and a half since Lyddy

was buried," continued Mrs. Davids, accepting this application to her words, "and there is Captain Ben taking up with just what housekeeper he can get, and *no* housekeeper at all. It would be an excellent home for you, Persis. Captain Ben always had the name of making a kind husband."

She sighed again, whether from regret for the bereaved man or for the multitude of women bereft of such a husband.

By this time Captain Ben's head was at the door.

"Morning!" said he, while his feet were coming up. "Quite an accident down here below the lighthouse last night. Schooner ran ashore in the blow and broke all up into kindling-wood in less than no time. Captain Tisdale's been out looking for dead bodies ever since daylight."

"I knowed it," sighed Mrs. Davids. "I heard a rushing sound sometime about the break of day that waked me out of a sound sleep, and I knowed then there was a spirit leaving its body. I heard it the night Davids went, or I expect I did. It must have been very nearly at that time."

"Well, I guess it wasn't a spirit last night," said Captain Ben; "for as I was going on to say, after searching back and forth, Captain Tisdale came upon the folks, a man and a boy, rolled up in their wet blankets asleep behind the lifeboat house. He said he felt like he

could shake them for staying out in the wet. Wrecks always make for the lighthouse, so he s'posed those ones were drowned to death. sure enough."

"Oh, then it couldn't have been them I was warned of!" returned Mrs. Davids, looking as though she regretted it. "It was right over my head, and I waked up just as the thing was rushing past. You haven't heard, have you," she continued, "whether or no there was any other damage done by the gale?"

"I don't know whether you would call it damage exactly," returned Captain Ben; "but Loizah Mullers got so scared she left me and went home. She said she couldn't stay and run the chance of another of our coast blows, and off she trapsed."

Mrs. Davids sighed like November. "So you have some hard luck as well as myself. I don't suppose you can *get* a housekeeper to keep her long," said she dismally.

"Abel Grimes tells me it is enough sight easier getting wives than housekeepers, and I'm some of a mind to try that tack," replied Captain Ben, smiling grimly.

Mrs. Davids put up her hand to feel of her hair, and smoothed down her apron; while Miss Persis Tame blushed like a withered rose and turned her eyes modestly out of the window.

"I am *so*. But the difficulty is, who will it be? There are so many to select from it is fairly bothersome," continued Captain Ben,

winking fast and looking as though he was made of dry corn-cobs and hay.

Miss Persis Tame turned about abruptly. "The land alive!" she ejaculated with such sudden emphasis that the dishes shook on their shelves and Captain Ben in his chair. "It makes me mad as a March hare to hear men go on as though all they'd got to do was to throw down their handkerchers to a woman, and, no matter who, she'd spring and run to pick it up. It is always 'Who will I marry?' and not 'Who will marry me?'"

"Why, there is twice the number of widders that there is of widderers here at the P'int. That was what was in my mind," said Captain Ben, in a tone of meek apology. "There is the Widow Keens, she that was Azubah Muchmore. I don't know but what she would do; Lyddy used to think everything of her, and she is a first-rate of a housekeeper."

"Perhaps so," assented Mrs. Davids, dubiously. "But she is troubled a sight with the head complaint; I suppose you know she is. That is against her."

"Yes," assented Miss Tame. "The Muchmores all have weak heads. And, too, the Widow Keens, she's had a fall lately. She was up in a chair cleaning her top butter shelf, and somehow one of the chair-legs give way—it was loose or something, I expect—and down she went her whole heft. She keeps about, but she goes with two staves"

"I want to know if that is so," said Captain Ben, his honest soul warming with sudden sympathy. "The widder has seen a sight of trouble."

"Yes, she has lived through a good deal, that woman has. I couldn't live through so much, 'pears to me; but we don't know what we can live through," rejoined Miss Tame.

Captain Ben did not reply, but his ready feet began to move to and fro restless; for his heart, more ready yet, had already gone out toward the unfortunate widow.

"It is so bad for a woman to be alone," said he to himself, shambling along the shingly beach a moment after. "Nobody to mend her chairs or split up her kindlings, or do a chore for her; and she lame into the bargain. It is *too* bad."

"He has steered straight for the Widow Keens's as sure as A is apple-dumpling," remarked Miss Persis, peering after him from the window.

"Well, I must admit I wouldn't have thought of Captain Ben's being en-a-mored after such a sickly piece of business. But men never know what they want. Won't you just hand me that gum-cam-phyer bottle, now you are up? It is on that chest of drawers behind you."

"No more they don't," returned Miss Tame, with a plaintive cadence, taking a sniff from the camphor bottle on the way. "However, I

don't begrutch him to her—I don't know as I do. It will make her a good hum, though, if she concludes to make arrangements."

Meantime, Captain Ben Lundy's head was wellnigh to Mrs. Keens's door, for it was situated only around the first sand-hill. She lived in a little bit of a house that looked as though it had been knocked together for a crockery-crate, in the first place, with two windows and a rude door thrown in as afterthoughts. In the rear of this house was another tiny building something like a grown-up hen-coop; and this was where Mrs. Keens carried on the business bequeathed to her by her deceased husband, along with five small children and one not so small, but, worse than that, one who was "not altogether there," as the English say.

She was about this business now, dressed in a primitive sort of bloomer, with a washtub and clothes-wringer before her, and an army of bathing-suits of every kind and color flapping wildly in the fresh sea air at one side.

From a little farther on, mingling with the sound of the beating surf, came the merry voices of bathers—boarders at the great hotels on the hill.

"Here you be! Hard at it!" said Captain Ben, puffing around the corner like a portable west wind. I've understood you've had a hurt. Is that so?"

"Oh, no! Nothing to mention," returned Mrs. Keens, turning about a face bright and

cheerful as the full moon; and throwing, as by accident, a red bathing-suit over the two broomsticks that leaned against her tub.

Unlike Mrs. Davids, Mrs. Keens neither pitied herself nor would allow anybody else to do so.

"Sho!" remarked Captain Ben, feeling defrauded. He had counted on sacrificing himself to his sympathies, but he didn't give up yet. "You must see some pretty tough times, 'pears to me, with such a parcel of little ones, and only yourself to look to," said he, proceeding awkwardly enough to hang the pile of wrung-out clothes upon an empty line.

"I don't complain," returned the widow bravely. "My children are not *teusome;* and Jack, why, you would be surprised to see how many things Jack can do, for all he isn't quite right."

As she spoke thus with affectionate pride Jack came up from the beach wheeling a roughly made cart filled with wet bathing-clothes. He looked up at sound of his mother's voice with something of the dumb tenderness of an intelligent dog. "Jack helps; Jack good boy," said he, nodding with a happy smile.

"Yes, Jack helps. We don't complain," repeated the mother.

"It would come handy, though, to have a man around to see to things and kind o' provide, wouldn't it, though?" persisted Captain Ben.

"Some might think so," replied Mrs. Keens,

stopping her wringer to reflect a little. "But, I haven't any wish to change my situation," she added decidedly, going on again with her work.

"Sure on 't?" persisted the Captain.

"Certain," replied the widow.

Captain Ben sighed. "I thought ma'be you was having a hard row to hoe, and I thought like enough——"

What he never said, excepting by a beseeching glance at the cheerful widow, for just then an interruption came from some people after bathing-suits.

So Captain Ben moved off with a dismal countenance. But before he had gone far it suddenly brightened. "It might not be for the best," quoth he to himself. "Like enough not. I was very careful not to commit myself, and I am very glad I didn't." He smiled as he reflected on his judicious wariness. "But, however," he continued, "I might as well finish on this business now. There is Rachel Doolittle. Who knows but she'd make a likely wife? Lyddy sot a good deal by her. She never had a quilting or a sewing bee but what nothing would do but she must give Rachel Doolittle an invite. Yes; I wonder I never decided on her before. She will be glad of a home sure enough, for she hates to live around, as it were, upon her brothers."

Captain Ben's feet quickened themselves at these thoughts, and had almost overtaken his

head, when behold! at a sudden turn in the road there stood Miss Rachel Doolittle, picking barberries from a wayside bush. "My sakes! If she ain't right here, like Rachel in the Bible!" ejaculated Captain Ben, taking heart at the omen.

Miss Doolittle looked up from under her tied-down brown hat in surprise at such a salutation. But her surprise was increased by Captain Ben's next remark.

"It just came into my mind," said he, "that you was the right one to take Lyddy's place. You two used to be such great knit-ups that it will seem 'most like having Lyddy back again. No," he continued, after a little reflection, "I don't know of anybody I had rather see sitting in Lyddy's chair and wearing Lyddy's things than yourself."

"Dear me, Captain Lundy, I couldn't think of it. Paul's folks expect me to stay with them while the boarder season lasts, and I've as good as promised Jacob's wife I'll spend the winter with her."

"Ain't that a hard life you are laying out for yourself? And then bum-by you will get old or sick ma'be, and who is going to want you around then? Every woman needs a husband of her own to take care of her."

"I'm able to take care of myself as yet, thanks to goodness! And I am not afraid my brothers will see me suffer in case of sickness," returned Miss Doolittle, her cheeks flaming up like a sumach in October.

"But hadn't you better take a little time to think it over? Ma'be it come sudden to you," pleaded Captain Ben.

"No, I thank you. Some things don't need thinking over," answered Miss Doolittle, plucking at the barberries more diligently than ever.

"I wish Lyddy was here. She would convince you you were standing in your own light," returned Lyddy's widower in a perplexed tone.

"I don't need one to come from the dead to show me my own mind," retorted Miss Doolittle firmly.

"Well, like enough you are right," said Captain Ben mildly, putting a few stems of barberries in her pail; "ma'be it wouldn't be best. I don't want to be rash."

And with that he moved off, on the whole congratulating himself he had not decided to marry Miss Doolittle.

"I thought after she commenced her miserable gift of the gab, that Lyddy used to be free to admit she had a fiery tongue, for all they were such friends. And I'm all for peace myself. I guess, on the whole, ma'be she ain't the one for me, perhaps, and it is as well to look further. *Why!* What in *the* world! Well, there! What have I been thinking of? There is Mrs. Davids, as neat as a new cent, and the master hand to save. She is always taking on; but she will be glad enough to have somebody

to look out for her—why, sure enough! And there I was right at her house this very day, and never once thought of her! What an old dunce!"

But, fortunately, this not being a sin of *com*mission, it could be rectified; and directly Captain Ben had turned about and was trotting again toward the red house on the beach.

"Pound for pound of the best white sugar," he heard Miss Tame say as he neared the door.

"White sugar!" repeated Mrs. Davids, her usual sigh drawn out into a little groan. "*White* sugar for *cram*berries! Who ever heard of such a thing! I've always considered I did well when I had plenty of brown."

Poor creeter!" thought Captain Ben. "How she would enjoy getting into my pantry. Lyddy never complained that she didn't have enough of everything to do *with*."

And in the full ardor of his intended benevolence, he went right in and opened the subject at once. But, to his astonishment, Mrs. Davids refused him. She sighed, but she refused him.

"I've seen trouble enough a'ready, without my rushing into more with my eyes wide open," sighed she.

"Trouble? Why, that is just what I was meaning to save you!" exclaimed the bewildered widower. "Pump right in the house, and stove e'enamost new. And Lyddy never knew what it was to want for a spoonful of sugar or a pound of flour. And such a *handy*

buttery and sink! Lyddy used to say she felt the worst about leaving her buttery of anything."

"Should thought she would," answered Mrs. Davids, forgetting to sigh. "However, I can't say that I feel any hankering after marrying a buttery. I've got buttery-room enough here, without the trouble of getting set up in a new place."

"Just as you say," returned the rejected. "I ain't sure as you'd be exactly the one. I *was* a-thinking of looking for somebody a little younger."

"Well, here is Persis Tame. Why don't you bespeak her? *She* is younger, and she is in need of a good home. I can recommend her, too, as the first-rate of a cook," remarked Mrs. Davids benevolently.

Miss Tame had been sitting a little apart by the open window, smiling to herself.

But now she turned about at once. "H'm!" said she, with contempt. "I should rather live under an umbrella tied to a stake than marry for a *hum*."

So Captain Ben went home without engaging either wife or housekeeper.

And the first thing he saw was Captain Jacob Doolittle's old one-eyed horse eating the apples Loizah Mullers had strung and festooned from nails against the house, to dry.

The next thing he saw was, that, having left a window open, the hens had flown in and gone

to housekeeping on their own account. But they were not, like Mrs. Davids, as neat as a new cent, and *not*, also, such master hands to save.

"Shoo! Shoo! Get out! Go 'long there with you!" cried Captain Ben, waving the dishcloth and the poker. "I declare for 't! I most hadn't ought to have left that bread out on the table. They've made a pretty mess of it, and it is every spec there is in the house, too. Well, I must make a do of potatoes for supper, with a bit of pie and a mouthful of cake."

Accordingly he went to work building a fire that wouldn't burn. Then, forgetting the simple matter of dampers, the potatoes wouldn't bake. The tea-kettle boiled over and cracked the stove, and after that boiled dry and cracked itself. Finally the potatoes fell to baking with so much ardor that they overdid it and burned up. And, last of all, the cake-jar and pie-cupboard proved to be entirely empty. Loizah had left on the eve of baking-day.

"The old cat! Well, I'd just as soon live on slapjacks a spell," said Captain Ben, when he made this discovery.

But even slapjacks palled on his palate, especially when he had them always to cook for himself.

"'Taint no way to live, this ain't," said he at last. I'm a good mind to marry as ever I had to eat."

So he put up his hat and walked out. The first person he met was Miss Persis Tame, who turned her back and fell to picking thoroughwort blossoms as he came up.

"Look-a-here," said he, stopping short, "I'm dreadful put to 't. I can't get ne'er a wife nor ne'er a housekeeper, and I am e'enamost starved to death. I wish you *would* consent to marry with me, if you feel as if you could bring your mind to it. I am sure it would have been Lyddy's wish."

Miss Tame smelt of the thoroughwort blossoms.

"It comes pretty sudden on me," she replied. "I hadn't given the subject any thought. But you *are* to be pitied in your situation."

"Yes. And I'm dreadful lonesome. I've always been used to having Lyddy to talk over things with, and I miss her a sight. And I don't know anybody that has her ways more than you have. You are a good deal such a built woman, and you have the same hitch to your shoulders when you walk. You've got something the same look to your eyes, too; I noticed it last Sunday in meeting-time," continued the widower anxiously.

"I do feel for you. A man alone is in a deplorable situation," replied Miss Tame. "I'm sure I'd do any thing in my power to help you."

"Well, marry with me then. That is what I want. We could be real comfortable together. I'll go for the license this minute, and we'll be

married right away," returned the impatient suitor. "You go up to Elder Crane's, and I'll meet you there as soon as I can fetch around."

Then he hurried away, "without giving me a chance to say 'no,'" said "she that was" Persis Tame, afterward. So I *had* to marry with him, as you might say. But I've never seen cause to regret it. I've got a first-rate of a hum, and Captain Ben makes a first-rate of a husband. And no hain't he, I hope, found cause to regret it," she added, with a touch of wifely pride; "though I do expect he might have had his pick among all the single women at the Point; but out of them all he chose *me*."

A small New Yorker had been having a day of unmitigated outrageousness, such as all children who do not die young are likely to have at times; and when he was ready for bed his mother said to him:

"When you say your prayers, Georgie, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been very naughty to-day."

The youngster accordingly put up his petition in the usual form, and then before closing with "Amen," he added:

"And, please God, make me a good boy."

He paused a second, and then, to the utter consternation of his mother, concluded with unabated gravity: "Nevertheless, not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done!"

IRWIN RUSSELL

THE ORIGIN OF THE BANJO

Go 'WAY, fiddle! Folks is tired o' hearin' you
a-squawkin',
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah
de banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—
ladies, listen—
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r
is missin'.

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah,
lookin' solemn—
Fur Noah tuk the *Herald*, an' he read de
ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber
patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat
the steamer "Natchez."

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-
sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an
a-pshawin',
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz
gwine to happen',
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep'
a-drappin'.

The Origin of the Banjo

Now, Noah had done catched a lot ob ebry sort
o' beas'es,
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to
pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey
cattle—
An' druv 'em board de Ark as soon's he heered
de thunder rattle.

Den sech another fall ob rain! It come so
awful hebby
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de
lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah
an' de critters
An' men he'd hired to work de boat, an' one
to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-
sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de
palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell whut
wid all de fussin'
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin'
'roun' an' cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin'
on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop an' c'u'dn't
stan' de racket;

An' so, fur to amuse hisse'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat was invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin,
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin'.
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'rs so long an' thick an' strong—des fit fur banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shabed 'em off as short as washday-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to bases.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder"—
She soun' like forty-leben bands a-playin' all togedder.
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers,
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange
dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-
growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people
nebber los' 'em—
Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo
an' de possum.
—From "Christmas Night in the Quarters."

The wife and daughter of a captain who is himself a man of education accompanied him on a trip during which he visited various Russian ports. The mother is a woman of no cultivation, and her daughter seems to have more of her mother in her than of her father. On their return to America, a lady who was calling on Mrs. Captain X—— began to ask about the different ports which the ship had visited.

"I can't say that I noticed much," Mrs. X—— would reply. "I don't seem to remember much about all those places."

"But at least you must remember St. Petersburg," the caller said. "You were there a week, your husband told me."

"Oh, yes, I remember St. Petersburg," was the reply. "It was there that Sadie and I finished our silk quilt. We just worked like beavers all the time we were in port, so that we could begin a new one when we started for home."

BILL NYE

ON CYCLONES

I DESIRE to state that my position as United States cyclonist for this judicial district became vacant on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1884.

I have not the necessary personal magnetism to look a cyclone in the eye and make it quail. I am stern and even haughty in my intercourse with men, but when a Manitoba simoon takes me by the brow of my pantaloons and throws me across Township 28, Range 18, west of the 5th principal meridian, I lose my mental reserve and become anxious and even taciturn. For years I had yearned to see a grown-up cyclone, of the ring-tail-puller variety, mop up the green earth with huge forest trees and make the landscape look tired. On the 9th day of September, A.D. 1884, my morbid curiosity was gratified.

As the people came out into the forest with lanterns and pulled me out of the crotch of a basswood tree, with a "tackle and fall," I remember I told them I didn't yearn for any more atmospheric phenomena.

The old desire for a hurricane that could blow a cow through a penitentiary was satiated. I remember when the doctor pried the bones of my leg together, in order to kind of draw my

attention away from the limb, he asked me how I liked the fall style of zephyr in that locality. I said it was all right, what there was of it. I said this in a tone of bitter irony.

Cyclones are of two kinds—viz., the dark maroon cyclone, and the iron-gray cyclone with pale green mane and tail. It was the latter kind I frolicked with on the above-named date.

My brother and I were riding along in the grand old forest, and I had just been singing a few bars from the opera of "Whoop 'em up, Lizzie Jane," when I noticed that the wind was beginning to sough through the trees. Soon after that I noticed that I was soughing through the trees also, and I am really no slouch of a sougher either when I get started.

The horse was hanging by the breeching from the bough of a large butternut tree, waiting for some one to come and pick him.

I did not see my brother at first, but after a while he disengaged himself from a rail fence, and came to where I was hanging, wrong end up, with my personal effects spilling out of my pockets. I told him that as soon as the wind kind of softened down I wished he would go and pick the horse. He did so, and at midnight a party of friends carried me into town on a stretcher. It was quite an ovation. To think of a torchlight procession coming out way out there into the woods at midnight, and carrying me into town on their shoulders in triumph! And yet I was once a poor boy!

It shows what may be accomplished by any one if he will persevere and insist on living a different life.

The cyclone is a natural phenomenon, enjoying the most robust health. It may be a pleasure for a man with great will-power and an iron constitution to study more carefully into the habits of the cyclones, but as far as I am concerned, individually, I could worry along some way if we didn't have a phenomenon in the house from one year's end to another.

As I sit here, with my leg in a silicate of soda corset, and watch the merry throng promenading down the street, or mingling in the giddy torchlight procession, I cannot repress a feeling toward a cyclone that almost amounts to disgust.

THE MAN AND THE GOOSE

A MAN was plucking a living goose when his victim addressed him thus:

"Suppose *you* were a goose; do you think you would relish this sort of thing?"

"Well, suppose I were," answered the man; "do you think *you* would like to pluck me?"

"Indeed I would!" was the emphatic, natural, but injudicious reply.

"Just so," concluded her tormentor; "that's the way *I* feel about the matter."

AMBROSE BIERCE.

EUGENE FIELD

BAKED BEANS AND CULTURE

THE members of the Boston Commercial Club are charming gentlemen. They are now the guests of the Chicago Commercial Club, and are being shown every attention that our market affords. They are a fine-looking lot, well-dressed and well-mannered, with just enough whiskers to be impressive without being imposing.

"This is a darned likely village," said Seth Adams last evening. "Everybody is rushin' 'round an' doin' business as if his life depended on it. Should think they'd git all tuckered out 'fore night, but I'll be darned if there ain't just as many folks on the street after nightfall as afore. We're stoppin' at the Palmer tavern, an' my chamber is up so all-fired high that I can count your meeetin'-house steeples from the winder."

Last night five or six of these Boston merchant sat around the office of the hotel and discussed matters and things. Pretty soon they got to talking about beans: this was the subject which they dwelt on with evident pleasure.

"Waal, sir," said Ephraim Taft, a wholesale dealer in maple sugar and flavored lozenges, "you kin talk 'bout your new-fashioned dishes an' high-falutin' vittles; but, when you come

right down to it, there ain't no better eatin' than a dish o' baked pork 'n' beans."

"That's so, b' gosh!" chorused the others.

"The truth o' the matter is," continued Mr. Taft, "that beans is good for everybody—'t don't make no difference whether he's well or sick. Why, I've known a thousand folks—waal, mebbe not quite a thousand; but—waal, now, jest to show, take the case of Bill Holbrook: you remember Bill, don't ye?"

"Bill Holbrook?" said Mr. Ezra Eastman; "why, of course I do! Used to live down to Brimfield, next to the Moses Howard farm."

"That's the man," resumed Mr. Taft. "Waal, Bill fell sick,—kinder moped round, tired like, for a week or two, an' then tuck to his bed. His folks sent for Dock Smith—ol' Dock Smith that used to carry a pair o' leather saddle-bags. Gosh, they don't have no sech doctors nowadays! Waal, the dock, he come; an' he looked at Bill's tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' said that Bill had typhus fever. Ol' Dock Smith was a very careful, conserv'tive man, an' he never said nothin' unless he knowed he was right.

"Bill began to git wuss, an' he kep' a-gittin' wuss every day. One mornin' ol' Dock Smith sez, 'Look a-here, Bill, I guess you're a-goner; as I figger it, you can't hol' out till nightfall.'

"Bill's mother insisted on a con-sul-tation bein' held; so ol' Dock Smith sent over for young Dock Brainerd. I calc'late that, next *to*

ol' Dock Smith, young Dock Brainerd was the smartest doctor that ever lived.

"Waal, pretty soon along come Dock Brainerd; an' he an' Dock Smith went all over Bill, an' looked at his tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' told him it was a gone case, an' that he had got to die. Then they went on into the spare chamber to hold their con-sul-tation.

"Waal, Bill he lay there in the front room a-pantin' an' a-gaspin', an' a wond'rin' whether it wuz true. As he wuz thinkin', up comes the girl to git a clean table-cloth out of the clothes-press, an' she left the door ajar as she come in. Bill he gave a sniff, an' his eyes grew more natural like: he gathered together all the strength he had, and he raised himself up on one elbow, and sniffed again.

"'Sary,' says he, 'wot's that a-cookin'?'

"'Beans,' says she; 'beans for dinner.'

"'Sary,' says the dyin' man, 'I must hev a plate uv them beans!'

"'Sakes alive, Mr. Holbrook!' says she; 'if you wuz to eat any o' them beans it'd kill ye!'

"'If I've got to die,' says he, 'I'm goin' to die happy; fetch me a plate uv them beans.'

"Waal, Sary she pikes off to the doctors.

"'Look a-here,' says she; 'Mr. Holbrook smelt the beans cookin', an' he says he's got to have some. Now, what shall I do about it?'

"'Waal, Doctor,' says Dock Smith, 'what do you think 'bout it?'

"'He's got to die anyhow,' says Dock Brainerd,

'an' I don't suppose the beans 'll make any diff'rence.'

"'That's the way I figger it,' says Dock Smith; 'in all my practice I never knew of beans hurtin' anybody.'

"So Sary went down to the kitchen an' brought up a plateful of hot baked beans. Dock Smith raised Bill up in bed, an' Dock Brainerd put a piller under the small of Bill's back. Then Sary sat down by the bed an' fed them beans into Bill until Bill couldn't hold any more.

"'How air you feelin' now?' asked Dock Smith

"Bill didn't say nothin'; he jest smiled sort uv peaceful like an' closed his eyes.

"'The end hez come,' said Dock Brainerd softly; 'Bill is dyin'.'

"Then Bill murmured kind o' far-away like: 'I ain't dyin'; I'm dead an' in heaven.'

"Next mornin' Bill got out uv bed an' done a big day's work on the farm, an' he hain't hed a sick spell since. Them beans cured him! I tell you, sir, that beans is," etc.

It is related that a chronic office-seeker died a few years ago and his friends asked a well-known journalist for an epitaph for his tombstone. The journalist suggested the following, which was not, however, adopted: "Here lies John Jones in the only place for which he never applied."

WHAT HE WANTED IT FOR

THOSE who attended the sale of animals from Barnum's hippodrome in Bridgeport report the following occurrence. A tiger was being offered. The bid run up to forty-five hundred dollars. This was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barnum, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, now went up to him and said:

"Pardon me for asking the question; but will you tell me where you are from?"

"Down south a bit," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

Barnum shifted about uneasily for a moment, looking alternately at the man and at the tiger and evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the stranger's quiet reply.

Then Barnum said, in his desperation:

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast, if you have no show of your own and are not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her." He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added, "So I've bought this tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice. J. M. BAILEY.

One of the best stories that occurs to me offhand, relates to a Jew who kept a sort of combination pawnshop and second-hand clothing store. One day he went out and left the place in charge of his son. When he came back he said:

"Vell, Isaac, how vas business ven I vas oud?"

"Business vas goot, fader," the son said; "ferry goot."

"Vat did you sell?"

"Nothings; but dot man wat buy de diamon' ring yesterday come back an' pawned it."

"Und did you sell him someting else?"

"No, fader; 'e look as if 'e vas too much discouraged to buy anyting."

"Un you call dot doing goot bizness? If he look disgouraged, vy not you sell him a revolver?" GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN

SUPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigan;
Boss av the siction wuz Finnigin;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the track
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,
Afther the wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigin.
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,
He writ tin pages—did Finnigin.
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
Afther the cars had gone on agin.
That wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—
He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan;
An' it wore 'm clane an' complately out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigin:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan,
He blushed rosy rid—did Finnigin;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.
From Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

. . . . . .

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,
On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,
A rail give way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve.
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan,"
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a railroader's been agin,
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort was Finnigin
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

S. W. GILLILAN.

ED. MOTT

THE OLD SETTLER

His Reasons for Thinking There is Natural Gas in Deep Rock Gulley

"I see by the papers, Squire," said the Old Settler, that they're a-finding signs o' coal ile an' nat'ral gas like sixty here an' thar in deestric's not so terrible fur from here, an th't konsekently land they usety beg folks to come an' take offen their hands at any price at all is wuth a dollar now, jist for a peep over the stun wall at it. The minute a feller finds signs o' ile or nat'ral gas on his plantation he needn't lug home his supplies in a quart jug no more, but kin roll 'em in by the bar'l, fer signs o' them kind is wuth more an inch th'n a sartin-per-sure grass an' 'tater farm is wuth an acre."

"Guess yer huggin' the truth pooty clus fer wunst, Major," replied the Squire, "but th' hain't none o' them signs ez likely to strike anywhar in our bailiwick ez lightnin' is to kill a crow roostin' on the North Pole. Thuz one thing I've alluz wanted to see," continued the Squire, "but natur' has ben agin me an' I hain't never seen it, an' that thing is the h'istin'

of a balloon. Th' can't be no balloon h'isted nowhar, I'm told, 'nless thuz gas to h'ist it with. I s'pose if we'd ha' had gas here, a good many fellers with balloons 'd ha' kim 'round this way an' showed us a balloon raisin' ev'ry now an' then. Them must be lucky deestric's that's got gas, an' I'd like to hev somebody strike it 'round here some'rs, jist for the sake o' havin' the chance to see a balloon h'istin' 'fore I turn my toes up. But that's 'bout ez liable to happen ez it is fer to go out an' find a silver dollar rollin' up hill an' my name gouged in it."

"Don't ye be so consarned sure o' that, Squire," said the Old Settler mysteriously, and with a knowing shake of his head. "I've been a-thinkin' a leetle sence readin' 'bout them, signs o' gas, b'gosh! I hain't been only thinkin' but I've been a recollectin', an' the chances is th't me an' you'll see wonders yet afore we paddle over Jurdan. I'm a-gointer tell ye fer w'y, but I hadn't orter, Squire, an' if it wan't fer makin' ye 'shamed o' yerself, an' showin' th't truth squashed in the mud is bound to git up agin if ye give her time, I wouldn't do it. Ye mowt remember th't jist ten years ago this month I kim in from a leetle b'ar hunt. I didn't bring in no b'ar, but I fotched back an up-an'-up account o' how I had shot one, an' how th' were sumpin' fearful an' queer an' amazin' in the p'formances o' that b'ar arter bein' shot. Mebby ye 'member me a

tellin' ye that story, Squire, an' you a-tellin' me right in my teeth th't ye know'd th't some o' yer friends had took to lyin', but th't ye didn't think any of 'em had it so bad ez that. But I hain't a-holdin' no gredge, an' now I'll tell ye sumpin' that'll s'prise ye.

"Ez I tol' ye at the time, Squire, I got the tip ten year ago this month, th't unless somebody went up to Steve Groner's hill place an' poured a pound or two o' lead inter a big b'ar th't had squatted on tha' farm, th't Steve wouldn't hev no live-stock left to pervide pork an' beef fer his winterin' over, even if he managed to keep hisself an' fam'ly theirselfs from linin' the b'ar's innards. I shouldered my gun an' went up to Steve's to hev some fun with bruin an' to save Steve's stock, and resky him an' his folks from the rampagin' b'ar.

"'He's a rip-snorter,' Steve says to me, w'en I got thar. 'He don't think nuthin' o' luggin' off a cow,' he says, 'an' ye don't wanter hev yer weather eye shet w'en you an' him comes together,' he says.

"'B'ars,' I says to Steve, 'b'ars is nuts fer me, an' the bigger an' sassier they be,' I says, 'the more I inj'y 'em,' I says, an' with that I clim' inter the woods to show bruin th't th' wa'n't room enough here below fer me an' him both. 'Tain't necessary fer me to tell o' the half-dozen or more lively skrimmages me an' that b'ar had ez we follered an' chased one another round an' round them woods—how

he'd hide ahind some big tree or stumps, an' ez I went by, climb on to me with all four o' his feet an' yank an' bite an' claw an' dig meat an' clothes offen me till I slung him off an' made him skin away to save his bacon; an' how I'd lay the same way fer him, an' w'en he come sneakin' 'long arter me agin, pitch arter him like a mad painter, an' swat an' pound an' choke an' rassel him till his tongue hung out, till I were sorry for him, an' let him git away inter the brush agin to recooperate fer the next round. 'Tain t wuth w'ile fer me to say anything 'bout them little skrimmages 'cept the last un' an' that un wa'n't a skrimmage but sumpin' that'd 'a' skeert some folks dead in their tracks.

"Arter havin' a half a dozen or so o' rassels with this big b'ar, jist fer fun, I made up my mind, ez 'twere gettin' late, an' ez Steve Groner' folks was mebby feelin' anxious to hear which was gointer run the farm, them or the b'ar, th't the next heat with bruin would be for keeps. I guess the ol' feller had made up his mind the same way, fer w'en I run agin him the las' time, he were riz up on his hind legs right on the edge o' Deep Rock Gulley, and were waitin' fer me with his jaws wide open. I unslung my gun, an' takin' aim at one o' the bar's' forepaws, thought I'd wing him an' make him come away from the edge o' the gulley 'fore I tackled him. The ball hit the paw, an' the b'ar throw'd 'em both up. But he throw'd

'em up too fur, an' he fell over back'rd, an' went head foremost inter the gulley. Deep Rock Gulley ain't an inch less'n fifty foot from top to bottom, an' the walls is ez steep ez the side of a house. I went up to the edge an' looked over. Ther' were the b'ar layin' on his face at the bottom, whar them queer cracks is in the ground, an' he were a-howlin' like a hurricane and kickin' like a mule. Ther' he laid, and he wa'n't able to rise up. Th' wa'n't no way o' gettin' down to him 'cept by tumblin' down ez he had, an' if ever anybody were poppin' mad I were, ez I see my meat a-layin' at the bottom o' that gulley, an' the crows a-getherin' to hev a picnic with it. The more I kep' my eyes on that b'ar the madder I got, an' I were jist about to roll and tumble an' slide down to the side o' that gulley ruther that go back home an' say th't I'd let the crows steal a b'ar away from me, w'en I see a funny change comin' over the b'ar. He didn't howl so much, and his kicks wa'n't so vicious. Then his hind parts began to lift themse'fs up offen the ground in a cur'ous sort o' way, and swung an' bobbed in the air. They kep' raisin' higher an' higher, till the b'ar were act'ally standin' on his head, an' swayin' to and fro ez if a wind were blowin' him an' he couldn't help it. The sight was so uncommon out o' the reg'lar way ba'rs has o' actin' that it seemed skeery, an' I felt ez if I'd ruther be home diggin' my 'taters. But I kep' on gazin' at the b'ar a-circusin' at

the bottom o' the gulley, and 't wa'n't long 'fore the hull big carcase begun to raise right up offen the ground an' come a-floatin' up outen the gulley, fer all the world ez if 't wa'n't more'n a feather. The b'ar come up'ards tail foremost, an' I noticed th't he looked consid'able puffed out like, makin' him seem lik' a bar'l sailin' in the air. Ez the b'ar kim a-floatin' out o' the dep's I could feel my eyes begin to bulge, an' my knees to shake like a jumpin' jack's. But I couldn't move no more'n a stun wall kin, an' thar I stood on the edge o' the gulley, starin' at the b'ar ez it sailed on up t'ord me. The b'ar were making a desperate effort to git itself back to its nat'ral p'sition on all fours, but th' wa'n't no use, an' up he sailed tail foremost, an' looking ez if he were gointer bust the next minute, he were swelled out so. Ez the b'ar bobbed up and passed by me I could ha' reached out an' grabbed him by the paw, an' I think he wanted me to, the way he acted, but I couldn't ha' made a move to stop him, not if he'd ha' ben my gran'mother. The b'ar sailed on above me, an' th' were a look in his eyes th't I won't never fergit. It was a skeert look, an' a look that seemed to say th't it were all my fault, an' th't I'd be sorry fer it some time. The b'ar squirmed an' struggled agin comin' to setch an' onheerdon end, but up'ard he went, tail foremost, to'ard the clouds.

"I stood thar par'lyzed w'ile the b'ar went

up'ard. The crows that had been settin' round in the trees, 'spectin' to hev a bully meal, went to flyin' an' scootin' around the onfortnit b'ar, an' yelled till I were durn nigh deef. It wa'n't until the b'ar had floated up nigh onto a hundred yards in the air, an' begun to look like a flyin' cub, that my senses kim back to me. Quick ez a flash I rammed a load inter my rifle, wrappin' the ball with a big piece o' dry linen, not havin' time to tear it to the right size. Then I took aim an' let her go. Fast ez that ball went, I could see the linen round it had been sot on fire by the powder. The ball overtook the b'ar and bored a hole in his side. Then the funniest thing of all happened. A streak o' fire a yard long shot out o' the b'ar's side where the bullet had gone in, an' ez long ez that poor bewitched b'ar were in sight—fer o' course I thort at the time th't the b'ar were bewitched—I could see that streak o' fire sailin' along in the sky till it went out at last like a shootin' star. I never knowed w'at become o' the b'ar, an' the hull thing were a startlin' myst'ry to me, but I kim home, Squire, an' tol' ye the story, jest ez I've tol' ye now, an' ye were so durn polite th't ye said I were a liar. But sence, I've been a-thinkin' an' recollectin'. Squire, I don't hold no gredge. The myst'ry's plain ez day, now. We don't want no better signs o' gas 'n that, do we, Squire?"

"Than what?" said the Squire.

"Than what!" exclaimed the Old Settler.

"Than that b'ar, o' course! That's w'at ailed him. It's plain enough th't thuz nat'ral gas on the Groner place, an' th't it leaks outen the ground in Deep Rock Gulley. W'en that b'ar tumbled to the bottom that day, he fell on his face. He were hurt so th't he couldn't get up. O' course the gas didn't shut itself off, but kep' on a-leakin' an' shot up inter the b'ar's mouth and down his throat. The onfortnit b'ar couldn't help hisself, an' bimby he were filled with gas like a balloon, till he had to float, an' away he sailed, up an' up an' up. W'en I fired at the b'ar, ez he was floatin' to'ard the clouds, the linen on the bullet carried fire with it, and w'en the bullet tapped the b'ar's side the burnin' linen sot it on fire, showin' th't th' can't be no doubt 'bout it bein' gas th't the b'ar swallered in Deep Rock Gulley. So ye see, Squire, I wa'n't no liar, an' the chances is all in favor o' your seein' a balloon h'isted from gas right in yer own bailiwick afore ye turn up yer toes."

The Squire gazed at the Old Settler in silent amazement for a minute or more. Then he threw up his hands and said:

"Wal—I'll—be—durned!"

THE PESSIMIST*

NOTHING to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair
Nowhere to sleep but in bed.
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

BEN KING.

* Sometimes published under the title "The Sum of Life." —Editor.

JOSEPH QUINLAN MURPHY

CASEY AT THE BAT

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day
The score stood four to six with but an inning left to play.
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game
A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope that springs eternal within the human breast
For they thought if only Casey could get a whack at that
They'd put up even money with Casey at the bat.
But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.
But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all,

And the much despised Blakey tore the cover
off the ball,
And when the dust had lifted and they saw
what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe on second, and Flynn
a-hugging third.
Then from the gladdened multitude went up
a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain-top and rattled
in the dell,
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on
the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to
the bat.
There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped
into his place,
There was pride in Casey's hearing and a smile
on Casey's face,
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly
doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas
Casey at the bat.
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his
hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded as he wiped
them on his shirt;
And while the writhing pitcher ground the ball
into his hip—
Defiance gleamed from Casey's eye—a sneer
curled Casey's lip.
And now the leather-covered sphere came
hurtling through the air,

And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That hain't my style," said Casey—"Strike one," the Umpire said.
From the bleachers black with people there rose a sullen roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! Kill the Umpire!" shouted some one from the stand—
And it's likely they'd have done it had not Casey raised his hand.
With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult and he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher and again the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it and the Umpire said "Strike two."
"Fraud!" yelled the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud,"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold; they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey would not let that ball go by again.
The sneer is gone from Casey's lips; his teeth are clenched with hate

He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon
the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now
he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of
Casey's blow.
Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun
is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and some-
where children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey
has "Struck Out."

Bishop Dudley (Episcopal) of Kentucky, when hunting and fishing, made the acquaintance of a mountaineer, who took a fancy to him without suspecting his calling. When the bishop was about to go home he invited the old man to Louisville to hear him preach.

"Preach? Whut, you preach? Kin you preach ez well ez you kin shoot an' fish?'

"Better. No joke. Come Sunday with your best clothes and I'll give you a front seat."

The old chap was there, right up in front, and remained until the bitter end, after which he hurried forward to shake the bishop's hand.

"Parson," he cried warmly; "I don't know a great deal about your creeds and dogmatics, but I've riz and sot with you every time."

F. P. DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")

ON GOLD-SEEKING

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Hennessy, "that Alaska's th' gr-reat place. I thought 'twas nawthin' but an iceberg with a few seals roostin' on it, an' wan or two hundhred Ohio politicians that can't be killed on account iv th' threaty iv Pawrs. But here they tell me 'tis fairly smothered in goold. A man stubs his toe on th' ground an lifts th' top off iv a goold mine. Ye go to bed at night an wake up with goold fillin' in ye'er teeth."

"Yes," said Mr. Dooley. "Clancy's son was in here this mornin', an' he says a frind iv his wint to sleep out in th' open wan night, an' whin he got up his pants assayed four ounces iv goold to th' pound, an' his whiskers panned out as much as thirty dollars net."

"If I was a young man an' not tied down here," said Mr. Hennessy, "I'd go there; I wud so."

"I wud not," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I was a young man in th' ol' counthry, we heerd th' same story about all America. We used to set be th' tur-rf fire o' nights, kickin' our bare legs on th' flure an' wishin' we was in New York where all ye had to do was to hold ye'er

hat an' th' goold guineas'd dhrop into it. An' whin I got to be a man, I come over here with a ham and a bag iv oatmeal, as sure that I'd return in a year with money enough to dhrive me own ca-ar as I was that me name was Martin Dooley. An' that was a cinch.

"But, faith, whin I'd been here a week, I seen that there was nawthin' but mud undher th' pavement—I learned that be means iv a pick-ax at tin shillin's th' day—an' that, though there was plenty iv goold, thim that had it were froze to it; an' I come West, still lookin' f'r mines. Th' on'y mine I sthruck at Pittsburg was a hole f'r sewer pipe. I made it. Siven shillin's th' day. Smaller thin New York, but th' livin' was cheaper, with Mon'ga-hela rye five a throw, put ye'er hand around th' glass.

"I was still dreamin' goold, an' I wint down to Saint Looey. Th' nearest I come to a fortune there was findin' a quarther on th' sthreet as I leaned over th' dashboord iv a car to whack th' off mule. Whin I got to Chicago, I looked around f'r the goold mine. They was Injuns here thin. But they wasn't anny mines I cud see. They was mud to be shoveled an' dhrays to be dhruv an' beats to be walked. I choose th' dhray; f'r I was niver cut out f'r a copper, an' I'd had me fill iv excavatin'. An' I dhruv th' dhray till I wint into business.

"Me experyence with goold minin' is it's always in th' nex' county. If I was to go

to Alaska, they'd tell me iv th' finds in Seeberya. So I'll think I'll stay here. I'm a silver man, annyhow; an' I'm contint if I can see goold wanst a year, whin some prominent citizen smiles over his newspaper. I'm thinkin' that ivry man has a goold mine undher his own durestep or in his neighbor's pocket at th' farthest."

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Hennessy, "I'd like to kick up th' sod an' find a ton iv goold undher me fut."

"What wud ye do if ye found it?" demanded Mr. Dooley.

"I—I dinnaw," said Mr. Hennessy, whose dreaming had not gone this far. Then, recovering himself, he exclaimed with great enthusiasm, "I'd throw up me job an'—an' live like a prince."

"I tell ye what ye'd do," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'd come back here an' sthrut up an' down th' sthreet with ye'er thumbs in ye'er armpits; an' ye'd dhrink too much, an' ride in sthreet ca-ars. Thin ye'd buy foldin' beds an' piannies, an' start a reel estate office. Ye'd be fooled a good deal an' lose a lot iv ye'er money, an' thin ye'd tighten up. Ye'd be in a cold fear night an' day that ye'd lose ye'er fortune. Ye'd wake up in th' middle iv th' night, dhreamin' that ye was back at th' gas-house, with ye'er money gone. Ye'd be prisident iv a charitable society. Ye'd have to wear ye'er shoes in th' house, an' ye'er wife'd have ye around to rayciptions an' dances Ye'd move to Mitchigan

Avnoo, an' ye'd hire a coachman that'd laugh at ye. Ye'er boys'd be joods an' ashamed iv ye, an' ye'd support ye'er daughters' husbands. Ye'd rackrint ye'er tinants an' lie about ye'er taxes. Ye'd go back to Ireland an' put on airs with ye'er cousin Mike. Ye'd be a mane, onscrupulous ol' curmudgeon; an', whin ye'd die, it'd take half ye'er fortune f'r rayqueems to put ye r-right. I don't want ye iver to speak to me whin ye git rich, Hinnissy."

"I won't," said Mr. Hennessy.

EVE'S DAUGHTER

I WAITED in the little sunny room:
The cool breeze waved the window-lace at play,
The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,
And out upon the bay
I watched the wheeling sea-birds go and come.
"Such an old friend—she would not make me stay
While she bound up her hair." I turned and lo,
Danaë in her shower! and fit to slay
All a man's hoarded prudence at a blow:
Gold hair, that streamed away,
As round some nymph in sunlit fountain's flow.
"She would not make me wait!"—but well I know
She took a good half hour to loose and lay
Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE

We've lived for forty years, dear wife
And walked together side by side,
And you to-day are just as dear
As when you were my bride.
I've tried to make life glad for you,
One long, sweet honeymoon of joy,
A dream of marital content,
Without the least alloy.
I've smoothed all boulders from our path,
That we in peace might toil along,
By always hastening to admit
That I was right and you were wrong.

No mad diversity of creed
Has ever sundered me from thee;
For I permit you evermore
To borrow your ideas of me,
And thus it is, through weal or woe,
Our love forevermore endures;
For I permit that you should take
My views and creeds, and make them yours.
And thus I let you have my way,
And thus in peace we toil along,
For I am willing to admit
That I am right and you are wrong.

The Ideal Husband to His Wife

And when our matrimonial skiff
  Strikes snags in love's meandering stream,
I lift our shallop from the rocks,
  And float as in a placid dream.
And well I know our marriage bliss
  While life shall last will never cease;
For I shall always let thee do,
  In generous love, just what I please.
Peace comes, and discord flies away,
  Love's bright day follows hatred's night;
For I am ready to admit
  That you are wrong and I am right.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

As good an instance of surgical wit as can be found is still told about the staff of the Roosevelt Hospital. A dangerous operation was being performed upon a woman. Old Doctor A——, a quaint German, full of kindly wit and professional enthusiasm, had several younger doctors with him. One of them was administering the ether. He became so interested in the old doctor's work that he withdrew the cone from the patient's nostrils, and she half roused and rose to a sitting posture, looking with wild-eyed amazement over the surroundings. It was a critical period, and Doctor A—— did not want to be interrupted. "Lay down, dere, voman," he commanded gruffly. "You haf more curiosity as a medical student." She lay down, and the operation went on.

E. W. TOWNSEND

CHIMMIE FADDEN MAKES FRIENDS

"SAY, I'm a dead easy winner to-day. See? It's a fiver, sure 'nough. Say, I could give Jay Gould weight fer age an' lose 'im in a walk as a winner. See? How'd I collar it? Square. See? Dead square, an' easy. Want it fer a story? Why, sure.

"Say, you know me. When I useter sell poipers, wasn't I a scrapper? Dat's right, ain't it? Was dere a kid on Park Row I didn't do? Sure. Well, say, dis mornin' I seed a loidy I know crossin' de Bow'ry. See? Say, she's a torrowbred, an' dat goes. Say, do you know wot I've seed her done? I've seed her feedin' dem kids wot gets free turk on Christmas by dose East Side missioners. She's one of dem loidies wot comes down here an' fixes up old women and kids coz dey likes it. Dat's right.

"Well, say, I was kinder lookin' at 'er when I sees a mug wid a dyed mustache kinder jolt ag'in 'er, an' he raises his dicer an' grins. See? Say, dat sets me crazy. Lemme tell ye. Remember when der truck run over me toes? Well I couldn't sell no poipers nor nutting den. See? Say, she was de loidy wot comes

ter me room wid grub an' reads ter me. Dat's wot she done.

"Well, I runs up to her dis mornin', an' I says; 'Scuse me, loidy, but shall I tump der mug?'

"She was kinder white in de gills, but dere was fight in her eye. Say, when yer scrap yer watches de odder felly's eye, don't ye? Yer kin always see fight in de eye. Dat's right. Well, say, dere was fight in her eye. When I speaks to her she kinder smiles an' says, 'Oh, dat's you, is it, Chimmie?'

"Say, she remembered me name. Well, she says: 'If you'll tump de mug'—no, dat wasn't wot she says—'If you'll thrash de cur I'll give yer somethin',' an' she pulled out her wad an' flashed up a fiver. Den she says somethin' about it not being Christian, but de example would be good. I don't know what she meaned, but dat's straight. See? Wot she says goes, wedder I'm on or not.

"'Can you trash 'im, Chimmie?' she says.

"'Can I?' I says. 'I'll put a new face on 'im.'

"Den I went fer 'im. Say, I jolted 'im in de belly so suddent he was paralyzed. See? Den I give 'im de heel, an' over he went in de mud, an' me on top of 'im. Say, you should have seed us! Well, I'd had his odder ear off if de cop hadn't snatched me.

"Say, he ran me in, but it wasn't ten minutes before she come dere and squared me. See?

When she got me outside she was kinder laffin' an' cryin', but she give me de fiver an' says, 'I hope de Lord'll forgive me, Chimmie, for leadin' yer into temptation, but yer done 'im brown.'

"Dat's right; dem's 'er very words. No, not 'done 'im brown'; dat's wot dey meaned—say, 'trashed 'im well.' Dat's right. 'Trashed 'im well,' was her very words. See?'"

. . . . . .

"Say, I knowed ye'd be paralyzed wen ye seed me in dis harness. It's up in G. ain't it? Dat's right. Say—remember me tellin' ye 'bout de mug I t'umped fer de loidy on de Bowery? de loidy what give me de five and squared me wid der perlice? Dat's right. Well, say, she is a torrowbred, an' dat goes. See? Dat evenin' wot d'ye tink she done? She brought 'is Whiskers ter see me.

"Naw, I ain't stringin' ye. 'Is Whiskers is de loidy's fadder. Sure.

"'E comes ter me room wid der loidy, 'is Whiskers does, an' he says, says 'e. 'Is dis Chimmie Fadden?' says 'e.

"'Yer dead on,' says I.

"'Wot t'ell?' 'e says, turning to 'is daughter. 'Wot does de young man say?' 'e says.

"Den de loidy she kinder smiled—say, yer otter seed 'er smile. Say, it's outter sight Dat's right. Well, she says: 'I tink I understan' Chimmie's langwudge,' she says. 'E means 'e is de kid yuse lookin' fer. 'E's der very mug.'

"Dat's wot she says; somet'in like dat, only a felly can't just remember 'er langwudge.

"Den 'is Whiskers gives me a song an' dance 'bout me bein' a brave young man fer t'umpin' der mug wot insulted 'is daughter, an' 'bout 'is heart bein' all broke dat 'is daughter should be doin' missioner work in der slums.

"I says, 'Wot t'ell;' but der loidy, she says, 'Chimmie,' says she,'me fadder needs a footman,' she says, 'an' I taut you'd be de very mug fer der job.' says she. See?

"Say, I was all broke up, an' couldn't say nottin', fer 'is Whiskers was so solemn. See?

"'Wot's yer lay now?' says 'is Whiskers, or somet'in like dat.

"Say, I could 'ave give 'im a string 'bout me bein' a hard-workin' boy, but I knowed her loidy was dead on ter me, so I only says, says I, 'Wot t'ell?' says I, like dat, 'Wot t'ell?' See?

"Den 'is Whiskers was kinder parylized like, an' 'e turns to 'is daughter an' 'e says, dese is 'is very words, 'e says:

"'Really, Fannie,' 'e says, 'really, Fannie, you must interpret dis young man's langwudge.'

"Den she laffs an' says, says she:

"'Chimmie is a good boy if 'e only had a chance,' she says.

"Den 'is Whiskers 'e says, 'I dare say,' like dat. See? 'I dare say,' See? Say, did ye ever 'ear words like dem? Say, I was fer tellin' 'is Whiskers ter git t'ell outter dat, only fer der loidy. See?

"Well, den we all give each odder a song an' dance, an' de end was I was took fer a footman. See? Tiger, ye say? Naw, dey don't call me no tiger.

"Say, wouldn't de gang on der Bow'ry be parylized if dey seed me in dis harness? Ain't it great? Sure! Wot am I doin'? Well, I'm doin' pretty well. I had ter t'ump a felly dey calls de butler de first night I was dere for callin' me a heathen. See? Say, dere's a kid in der house wot opens der front door wen youse ring de bell, an' I win all 'is boodle de second night I was dere showin' 'im how ter play Crusoe. Say, it's a dead easy game, but der loidy she axed me not to bunco de farmers—dey's all farmers up in dat house, dead farmers—so I leaves 'em alone. 'Scuse me now, dat's me loidy comin' outer der shop. I opens de door of de carriage an' she says 'Home, Chames. Den I jumps on de box an' strings de driver. Say, 'e's a farmer, too. I'll tell you some more 'bout de game next time. So long."

CHIMMIE MEETS THE DUCHESS

"SAY, me name's Dennis, an' not Chimmie Fadden, if dem folks up dere ain't got boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. Sure. Boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. I'm tellin' yer, and dat's right See?

"Say, dey makes it dere ownselves. Naw, I ain't stringin' yer. It's right. How? Listen:

Miss Fannie, she sent fer me, an' she was writin', she was, in a little book, an' when she writ a page she teared it out an' pinned it on a bill.

"'Here, Chames,' she says ter me, she says. 'Here, Chames, take dese bills an' pay dem,' she says.

"'Wot t'ell will I pay dem wid, Miss Fannie,' I says. Like dat, 'Wot t'ell will I pay dem wid?' I say. See?

"Say, wot der yer tink she says? She says, says she, 'Pay dem wid de checks, Chames,' she says. See? 'Dere's a check pinned on every bill,' she says.

"Say, I taut she was stringin' me; but I tinks ter meself, if she wants ter string me, it goes. See? Wot Miss Fannie does goes, wedder it makes me look like a farmer or not. Dat's right.

"Well, I taut I'd get a roast when I'd try ter pass off dose tings she writ out fer boodle. See Wot do yer tink? Why, every one 'er dose mugs—dere was a candy store, an' dere was a flower store, an' dere was a store where dey sells womin's hats, an', holy gee dere was all kind er stores—all dose mugs, I'm tellin' ye, dey just takes off der hats when I shoved de boodle Miss Fannie made at 'em. Dat's right. Dat boodle was as good as nickels. Sure.

"Well, I was clean parylized, an' when I gits home an' was goin' ter Miss Fannie wid de bills I meets a mug in de hall dey calls de walley. Say, all dat mug does 'fer is wages is ter take care of

'is Whisker's whiskers. Sure. 'E 'is is Whiskers's walley. When 'is Whiskers wants a clean shirt, dat walley gits it for 'im, and tings like dat.

"I wouldn't mind dat snap meself, only 'is Whiskers is a reg'lar scrapper an' can do me.

"Well, I was tellin' yer 'bout meetin' de walley in de hall. I told 'im dat Miss Fannie could make boodle outter paper, just like de President er der United States.

"Say, wot de yer tink dat mug done? 'E gives me de laugh. See? Gives me de laugh, an' says I'm a ig'rant wagabone.

"'Wot t'ell!' I says ter 'im. 'I may be a wagabone,' I says, 'but I'm not ig'rant,' I says, like dat. 'Wot t'ell.' See?

"'Miss Fannie can't make boodle,' says 'e, 'no more nor I kin,' 'e says. 'Dem's checks.'

"Say, I was kinder layin fer dat dude, anyhow, 'cause 'e is allus roastin' me. So w'en 'e says dat, I gives 'im a jolt in de jaw. See? Say, 'e squared 'isself in pretty good shape, an' I taut I had a good scrap on me hands, when in comes Miss Fannie's maid.

"Say, she's a doisy. Yer otter see 'er. I'm dead stuck on 'er. She's French, an' talks a forn langwudge mostly.

"When she showed up in de hall I drops me hands, an' de odder mug 'e drops 'is hands, an' I giver 'er a wink an' says:

"'Ah, dere, Duchess!' like dat. See? 'Ah dere, Duchess!"

"Den I chases meself over ter 'er and trows me arms 'roun 'er an' gives 'er a kiss.

"Say, yer otter seed dat walley. I taut I'd die! Holy gee, 'e was crazy! 'E flies out ter de hall, but I didn't know den wot 'is game was. I soon tumbled, dough.

"Well, as I was a-tellin' ye, I gives de Duchess a kiss, an' she says 'Vat on,' like dat. Dat's 'er forn langwudge. 'Vat on.' See?

"How de yer say it is? 'Va-t-en'? Is it 'Get out'?

"Holy gee! Is dat so?

"Well, seein' as how I wasn't onto 'er langwudge, den, I gives 'er anodder kiss.

"Dat's right, ain't it? When a felly meets a Duchess 'e's stuck on, it's right ter give 'er a kiss, ain't it? Sure.

"Well, she runs a big bluff of pretendin' not ter like it, an' says 'Lace moy' and 'Finney say,'

"How de yer say it is? 'Finissez?' Naw, dat ain't right. 'Finney say,' she says, says she, but 'er langwudge bein' forn I wasn't dead on all de time, an' so I says nothin' but just kept busy.

"Say, I was pretty busy when in tru de door comes Miss Fannie and dat mug, de walley, an' catched me. Dat's wot dat mug went out fer, ter give me snap away ter Miss Fannie.

"Say, but Miss Fannie was red! An' pretty! She was just pretty up ter de limit, I'm tellin' ye. Up ter de limit. See?

"She gives me a look, an' I was parylized. See?

"But, holy gee! Ye otter seed de Duchess She was as cool an' smooth as ever yer seed anybody in yer life. I taut she'd be parylized, but—say, womin is queer folks, anyhow, an' ye never know what t'ell dey'll do 'till dey do it. Sure.

"Miss Fannie, she began talkin' dat forn langwudge ter de Duchess, but de Duchess she humped 'er shoulders an' she humped 'er eyebrows an' looked as surprised as if she'd put on her shoe wid a mouse in it.

"Den de Duchess she says, says she, talkin' English, but kinder dago like—de kind er dago dat French folks talk when dey talks English. See? She says, says she:

"'Meester Cheemes 'e don't do nottin',' she says, like dat, See?

"Say, wasn't dat great? Are you on? See? Why yuse, must be a farmer. I was dead on ter onct. Say, de Duchess talked English ter tip me, see? She didn't want ter give de game away.

"Miss Fannie, she was dead on, too, fer she got redder, an' looked just like a actress on top er de stage, sure. She told de Duchess ter talk dat forn langwudge, I guess, fer dey jawed away like a ambulance gong, an' I was near crazy, fer I taut I was gettin' de gran' roast an' I couldn't understan' dere talk, see?

"'Bout de time I taut I'd drop dead fer not knowin' wot t'ell dey was sayin', Miss Fannie she turns ter me an' says, says she:

"'Chames,' she says, 'wot was yer doin' of?' she says.

"'Nottin',' I says; 'nottin' 'tall, Miss Fannie says I, 'only askin' de Duchess where t'ell yer was,' I say, 'so I could give yer de bills wot I paid wid de boodle,' I says.

"Then Miss Fannie she taut er while, an' she says suddent, says she: 'Wot did she say when yer ast 'er where I was?' she says.

"Say, dere was where I was a farmer, a dead farmer. 'Stid of chippin' in wid a song and dance 'bout something or nodder, I was so stuck on me langwudge dat I said dose words de Duchess spoke, wot I was tellin' ye of: 'Vat on,' an' 'Lace moy,' an' 'Finney says.'

"Say, wot t'ell do dem words mean, anyhow?

"Holy gee! is dat so?—'Get out,' an' 'Let me be,' and 'Stop.'

"Say, holy gee, I was a farmer, an' dat's right.

"Well, when I said dem four words Miss Fannie she bit her lips, an' twisted her mouth like she'd die if she didn't laugh. But de Duchess, she gives me one look like she'd like ter do me an' chased 'erself outter der hall. An' me stuck on 'er, too!

"Say, womin is queer folks, anyhow; an' when yer stuck on yerself de most dat's when dey trows yer down de hardest. See?

"Say, fallin' in love has taut dis mug one ting, dead. I don't go monkeyin' wid no forn langwudge no more. Sure. Straight English is 'bout me size. See?

CHIMMIE AND THE DUCHESS MARRY

"LONG time since ye seen me? Cert. Don't ye know de reason? Why, I was married. Sure. I knowed ye'd die when I tole ye. Yes, it was de Duchess; I guess ye knowed dat. Well, lemme tell ye. It was de corkin'est weddin' dere ever was, wid such mugs as me an' de Duchess doin' de principal event er de evenin'.

"Say, I never taut dere was so much flim-flam 'bout gettin' ready to be married. I near got de rattles onct, an' was goin' t' make de gran' sneak; but I took er brace, 'cause I was tinkin' dat if I snook, dat it would queer Miss Fannie's game, an' I wouldn't queer Miss Fannie's game if I had t' set up er funeral 'stid er a weddin'.

"Well, de first fake wot paralyzed me was de Duchess sayin' dere must be wot she called er marriage contract. Say, it was worse dan gettin' outter jail on bail. I guess wese wouldn't be married yet if it wasn't fer Mr. Burton, wot's Miss Fannie's felly. 'E an' Miss Fannie, dey was bote near crazy 'bout our weddin', an' fussin' 'bout it more dan dey is 'bout dere was own.

"Well, Mr. Burton 'e sent fer me an' tells me t' come t' 'is chambers. 'E says t' me, says 'e, 'Chames,' 'e says, 'come dis evenin' t' me chambers. I calls me 'partments me chambers fer dis 'casion only,' says 'e, givin' me de wink, ' 'cause dis is er legal matter, an' in de ten years

I've been 'mitted t' de bar,' says 'e, 'dis is de first time I ever had er case.'

"Dose was 'is very words, wot's de way 'e talks wen 'e is jollyin', which 'e mostly is.

"So dat night I chases meself t' 'is rooms, an say, ye otter see dem tings 'e's got. It's worse dan dat artis' mug's studio wot I was tellin' y of. Dere was pelts an' hides an' skins an' furs an' guns an' swords an' boxin' gloves an' dinky pipes, wot dey smokes in schools in forn parts where Mr. Burton was, an' steins an' pictures, an' more tings dan dere is in er store.

"'Well,' 'e says t' me, perlite as a actor, says 'e, 'Mr. Fadden,' 'e says, 'dis evenin' yuse is me client, an' not Miss Fannie's footman, which 'fords me de op'tunity of offerin' ye er glass er whisky an' water an' a cigarette, which I am tole is de first ting t' do in beginnin' de practice of de law. Havin' somewhat neglected me practice, I may be permitted t' offer ye two glasses er whisky an' water if yuse is so disposed,' says 'e

"Say, did ye ever hear such langwudge like dat? Ain't 'e er chim-dandy?

"Den 'e goes on an' gives me er long song an' dance 'bout as how Hortense, wot's de Duchess, bein' French, she has dinky notions 'bout marriage contracts, an' as how 'e is 'er lawyer as well as mine. Says 'e: 'Bein' de lawyer fer bote sides in er case is not 'cardin' t' de strick rules er practice,' 'e says, 'but er strugglin young barester like me,' says 'e, givin' me de

wink, 'must be permitted t' cut bait while de sun shines.'

"Say, did ye ever hear such er jollier like 'im? 'E's up t' de limit. Sure. I tink 'e was havin' fun wid 'imself as well as jollyin' me.

"Den says he: 'Hortense comes t' ye wid one tousan' dollars. Do ye raise de ante, or de ye only see it an' call de loidy?'

"Say, den I was dead paralyzed. I taut de Duchess was makin' a farmer of me. I felt like er quitter. Sure. I says t' 'im, says I, 'Wot t'ell!' says I, like dat, I says: 'Wot t'ell 'cause I couldn't say nottin' else. 'Wot t'ell!' See? Den I scraped tru me pockets, an' all I could cough up was sixty-five cents.

"Mr. Burton looked at it, an' all of er suddint he jumped up an' went in er nodder room. 'E must have had er fit in dere er sometin', from de noises. Wen 'e comes back 'e had on er dinky white wig wid er tail t' it an' er' blue bag in 'is hand wid papers in it. 'E was as sober as er Judge in de Tombs when he says: 'Our case is not so bad as it looks. In fact, I would not just say it is a case of wot t'ell. Yuse have never drawed no wages from Miss Fannie,' 'e says.

"'No,' I says. 'She gives me me room, me grub, an' me close. Ain't dat enough?' says I.

"'She tinks not,' says 'e, 'an' wid 'er help at figurin', in which I never took no prize', 'e says, 'I find dat dere is one hundred an' fifty dollars wages comin' to ye which she 'as saved for ye.'

"Say, dat broke me all up, 'cause I never taut I was wort more dan me keep; but I couldn't say nottin', an' Mr. Burton 'e goes on an' 'e says: 'Miss Fannie's fadder, dat time ye licked de villan wot 'sulted Miss Fannie, 'er fadder put $500 in de bank fer ye, and I figure dat dat makes $650,' 'e says.

"Well, I was knocked silly, an' Mr. Burton 'e got up an' went in de odder room again, an' comes back wid er long black kinder nightgown on. 'E sets down again, and says: 'Bein' de 'torney in de case for yuse an' Hortense an' Miss Fannie an' 'er fadder, I feel dat de dignity of de position requires all de legal fixins, which is why I wears de gown an' wig.' See?

"Say, de nex' fake was de funniest of all. 'Hortense,' says 'e, 'has sometimes borryed small sums from ye, she tells me.'

"'E was meanin' de times de Duchess pulled me leg fer de boodle wot I touched mugs fer, wot I was tellin' ye 'bout.

"'Well,' Mr. Burton goes on, 'cause I was so silly I couldn't chip in, an' 'e says, 'Hortense has saved up dose sums, an' dey make $65 more, which we adds t' de ante, an' dat makes $715,' says 'e.

"'Hold on,' says I. 'Does dat all belong t' me? Wot t'ell will I do wid it all?'

"We'll talk 'bout dat later,' says 'e. 'We're shy on our ante yet. Miss Fannie an' me,' says 'e, 'loans ye nough t' make up de tousan', an' ye pays back outten yer wages as me valley.

"Den 'e gets out er lot er papers an' I signs me name, an' de nex' day Miss Fannie an' de Duchess an' me all chases down t' Mr. Burton's rooms, where was er mug dey calls er notry public, an' 'e asts er lot er questions, an' fixes dinky red stamps on de papers, an' everybody swears an' signs names, an' dat ends de circus.

"Say, I had t' pinch meself an' say 'Chimmie, is dis yuse, or is ye dreamin?' 'cause de whole bisness near sets me crazy.

"Well, de nex' night was de weddin'. Say, it was great. Miss Fannie an' Mr. Burton dey was fussin' and fixin' de whole day in de dinin'-room, an' jollyin' an' orderin', an' makin' bluffs at gettin' mad, an' den makin' up, 'till I says meself, says I, 'Chimmie, yer not in it.' But den I had t' get busy an' say dose words wot's in de book wot Mr. Burton read, pretendin' 'e was de parson, so's I wouldn't make no bad break when de real weddin' was.

"Well, after dinner all de help, an' de folks, 'is Whiskers, Miss Fannie, an' Mr. Burton, wid de parson, chases in de dinin'-room. 'Is Whisker's valley was me second.

"'Bout dat time I didn't know wedder me name was Chames or Dennis. Tings was kinder goin' on widout me.

"All of er suddint de Duchess sails in, wid Maggie de maid chasin' after 'er. Say, ye should er seen 'er! She was all rigged out in white, wid flowers on 'er head, an' er veil er mile long, an' she was er wonder, sure.

"Miss Fannie gives 'er a smile, an' 'is Whiskers steps up an' hands er over t' where me an' de parson was, an' so we was married.

"After de parson was all tru, wot de ye tink 'e did? 'E braces up an' gives de Duchess er kiss, an say, 'is Whiskers waltzes in an 'e gives 'er er kiss, an' holy gee! I tink Mr. Burton was goin' t' take 'er hand in de game, but Miss Fannie gives 'im er look, den 'e didn't.

"Den 'is Whiskers goes up 't de big punch-bowl wot Miss Fannie had fixed wid claret an' oranges an' dose tings, an' de butler passes all hands er glass, an' is' Whiskers says 'I drinks t' Mr. an' Mrs. Chames Fadden,' 'e says.

"All hands drinks, an' den de folks goes away. Miss Fannie she went last, an' when she passed where we was she says t' de Duchess, 'Ye look very pretty, Hortense.'

"She didn't say nottin' t' me, but she shook hands wid me. I was glad she did dat. I never touched her hand before.

"Well, after de folks left, all de help dey began jabberin' an' jollyin' like er lot er dinky mag-pipes, an' makin' speeches, an' getin' funny till ye couldn't rest.

" 'Is Whiskers sent fer de butler an' tole 'im not t' let de punch-bowl get empty, an' 'e never did, but 'e had 't keep 'imself busy. Sure.

"After dat we started on our weddin' journey. Say, dat was great. It was t' Niag'ra Falls. Ever hear er dem? Say, I'd only been t' Coney Island an' Albany before, an' I taut de Pacific

Ocean was only a little way furder dan de Harlem River; but, holy gee! ye don't get no more dan started wen ye cross de Harlem.

"Can't tell ye 'bout dat trip now, 'cause I've got t' go an' help Mr. Burton get ready fer 'is weddin'. Tell ye 'bout de trip some odder time. S'long."

'ER GRACE, DE DUCHESS OF FADDEN

"I was goin' t' tell ye 'bout our weddin' journey, wot de Duchess an' me took when wese was married. Say, it was up t' de limit an' near outter sight.

"We started like wese was just goin' 'cross de Harlem, only it was in er car wot has bunks in it, wid er coon t' let down de bunks an' make up de beds.

"Dere was er lot er mugs an' womin an' kids in de car, an' I was tinkin' where dey was all goin' t' sleep, when de Duchess tole me 'bout de bunks. I taut if wese was all goin' t' sleep like in de cars when ye come home on de late train from Coney Island, wese might as well stopped t' home and saved our boodle.

"Say, de train wasn't outter de depot before all de folks in de car was dead onto us, an' kinder givin' us de laugh, an' I says to de Duchess, I says, 'Wot t'ell?' I says, 'wot t'ell like dat, 'cause I was feelin' like I was er farmer; but I oughten t' feel like er farmer, 'cause I had on me best close, an' de Duchess—say, ye otter

seed de Duchess! she was er wonder! Dere wasn't er woman in de car was dressed like 'er. Sure.

"When I asked 'er why was all de folks pipin' us off so, she said because I had me arm 'round 'er waist an' was jollyin' 'er so.

"Say, dat give me 'er fit, an' I says t' 'er, says I, 'Duchess,' I says out loud, so dat er dude in de next seat could hear me wot had lost half of 'is eyeglasses an' was pipin' us off wid only one glass up t' is eye; I says: 'Duchess, if I feels like puttin' me arm 'round yer waist, I'll put it dere if I has t' tump every dude in de car,' an' t' show I was makin' no bluff I gives 'er a kiss as square as ever ye seed.

"Say, dat dude must 'er lost sometin' outter de car, fer 'e turned an' looked outter de window, an' 'e never looked nowhere else till 'e went t' bed.

"De Duchess she made er bluff at kickin', but she wasn't kickin' very hard, fer wot I says an' does goes wid de Duchess, 'cept 'bout boodle. She runs de money end. Sure. I ain't in it when it comes t' de boodle, but in all de odder games I'm er dead easy winner.

"Well, we went ridin' along, an' ridin' along, till I kinder taut we'd be runnin' in ter de Pacific Ocean if we didn't pull up; an' den de coon comes up an' says do we want de bert made up?

"I don't know wot it was dat made de Duchess so mad, but I taut she'd slug dat coon—de porter

dey calls 'im—'cause 'e asks us first, before any of de odder folks, would we have our bunk made up. Say, I didn't see no 'casion fer a scrap, so I says to de porter, says I, 'Seein' as how dere ain't no tee-a-ter t' go to,' I says, 'an' dere ain't no more meals t' eat, an' I fergot t' order de band 'round t' play, yuse may as well get busy an' make up de bunk,' I says t' 'im, like dat, I says. See?

"Den all de folks dey laughed fit t' kill dere selft, 'cept dat dude, who was lookin' out of 'is window like 'e hadn't found wot 'e'd lost yet. De Duchess she laughed, too, an' said I was er little beast, only she didn't say it like she had er mad on.

"Well, de nex' mornin' wese was in Niag'ra, an' we got in a bus wot took us to de hotel wot Mr. Burton, Miss Fannie's felly, told me t' go to.

"When we got t' de hotel er mug tells me t' register our names on er big book wot was in de office, an' den I near had er fit, fer de Duchess has de craziest name ye ever seed, an' I never could spell it in a tousand years. But I tinks t' meself, I tinks, 'Wot t'ell!' I tinks, I'll make er grand bluff an' dey'll never tumble,' so I braces up t' de register an' writes, 'Duchess,' bold as er writin' teacher, an' den I writes 'Hortense,' 'cause I can spell dat straight, an' den I was stuck, so I just writes 'La V——' bold, an' scriggle er lot er dinky letters clear 'cross de page, an' on de nex line I writes me name clear as print.

"De mug behind de counter, wot was de hotel clerk, 'e turns de book 'round an' 'e near has er fit, an' begins scrapin' an' bowin' an' says perlite as er acter, 'e says: 'How long will de Duchess Ortons La-um-t'ra-ra stay here? 'e says, like dat, 'De Duchess Ortons La-um-t'ra-ra. See? Makin' er bluff at de last name 'cause 'e couldn't read me writin'. See? 'De Duchess.' I says as perlite as 'im 'cause I wasn't onto 'is game, so I played light, says I, 'De Duchess leaves dis evenin',' I says.

"'Sorry she can't stay longer,' 'e says; 'spose she's hurrin' on t' Chicago, like de rest. Where is 'er suite?' says 'e.

"'Oh, 'er suite is kinder chasin' dereselfs,' I says, careless like.

"'Bein' entertained by de Committee of One Hundred?' 'e says.

"Say, I taut first 'e might be stringin' me, but 'e was perlite all de time, so I just lit er cigarette an' looked knowin' till I could get onto 'is game.

"Den 'e yells out, 'Front! Show de Duchess up t' parlor one,' an' all de kids in buttons near breaks dere necks yankin' me baggage upstairs an' chasin' after de Duchess t' fetch 'er upstairs; an' de clerk says t' me: 'Will 'er Grace breakfast in 'er room?'

"'Wot Grace?' says I.

"'De Duchess,' says 'e.

"'Cert,' says I. 'She'll breakfast here, an' so will I.'

"'You're 'er American coorier, I s'pose?' says 'e, an' I says 'e was 'er clever young man t' find it out, dough wot t'ell 'e'd found out I couldn't tumble to.

"Den all de mugs in de office began sneakin' up t' de register an' lookin' at wot I'd writ dere, an' dey was all near havin' a fit over it. I was 'fraid somebody would ask me t' spell de name out, so I chased meself upstairs, an', holy gee! dere was de Duchess in de swellest rooms in de house, wid er gang of servants settin' de table an' puttin' flowers in de room, an' bowin', an' askin' wot t'ell could dey do fer 'er Grace.

"Say, de Duchess is er dead sport, an' she was just lookin' grand an' sayin' nottin', but when I comes in she takes me in de nex' room an' asks wot game I'd been up to. I told 'er de whole game from de start, an' when I wuz done she taut er while, an' den she nearly dies laughin', an' says she tumbled t' de whole racket. She said de clerk had mistook 'er for one er dem forn queens wot was goin' to Chicago, where dey is havin' er big blowout for Columbus, er sometin'.

"'But why didn't ye put me name down on de register proper?' she says.

"'I couldn't spell your dinky name,' I says.

"Den she yelled murder wid laughin', and near rolled off 'er chair. 'Me name is Mrs. Fadden,' says she. 'Can't ye spell dat?'

"Say, I'm er farmer if I ever taut er dat before. It just knocked me silly t' tink er de Duchess bein' named Fadden.

"'Hortense Fadden is me name,' says she, givin' me er kiss.

"I was fer goin' down t' de office an' fixin' tings all right, but de Duchess said not t' be in er hurry 'bout it.

"Well, we had breakfast. Say, ye never seed such er breakfast in all yer life! It was wot de Duchess called 'Dey shunny au la foorshet,' but it was up t' de limit, just as hard, if it did have er dago name. De funny ting 'bout it was dat we had de coffee at de end 'stid er at de first. I spose I'll have t' learn dose dago tricks now.

"When wese was done de clerk come up an' says would 'er Grace like t' ride t' de Falls an de Duchess made er bluff at not knowin' wot 'e said, an' I made er bluff at tellin' 'er in forn talk. I just let out er lot er lingo, an' de Duchess—say, she is er sport, sure—she jabbered back widout winkin', an' I says t' de clerk dat de Duchess would go t' de Falls when de carriage was ready.

"Den de clerk said, 'De carriage waits, yer Grace,' an' backed out er de room like 'is pants was tore behind.

"Say, I ain't stringin' ye er little bit. When we went downstairs dere was er Victoria wid four horses waitin', an' de Mayor, or some big mug of de town got in wid us, an' er lot more chased along behind in carriages.

"I was gettin' rattled, but de Duchess gave me er nudge t' brace; an' I braced. Eberyting de mug wid us said I pretended to say in dago t'

de Duchess an' I was tinkin' wot t'ell I'd do if 'e should ring in some dago of 'is own, but 'e never. De Duchess would jaw back in 'er forn talk, an' I'd make er bluff at tellin' de mug wot she said, an' I jollied 'im 'till de seat wasn't big enough t' hold him.

"Well, dey took us everywhere, an' down er dinky slide railroad wot's worse dan de razzle-dazzle at Coney Island, an' blowed us off t' wine an' speeches, an' when we got back de Duchess told me t' give de big mug er invite t' dinner wid us.

"I was near crazy wid all de jawin' an' de drinkin' an' seein' de mug kiss de Duchess's hand when 'e backed out.

"After dinner it was train time, an' I chased down t' de office an' asks wot's de bill.

"Say, wot de ye tink? Dat clerk says dere was no bill; dat de Government paid de whole shot. Sure!

"I says de Government is er dead sport, an' I tipped all de kids an' waiters an' drivers wot took us t' de train, an' den erway we goes.

"Well, when we was on de car de Duchess says, 'Chames, wot do ye tink of yer wife?' say she.

"'Duchess,' says I, 'er Bowery boy and er French maid is hard t' beat,' I says. See?"

INFIRM

"I WILL not go," he said, "for well
I know her eyes' insidious spell,
And how unspeakably he feels
Who takes no pleasure in his meals.
I know a one-idea'd man
Should undergo the social ban,
And if she once my purpose melts
I know I'll think of nothing else.

"I care not though her teeth are pearls—
The town is full of nicer girls!
I care not though her lips are red—
It does not do to lose one's head!
I'll give her leisure to discover,
For once, how little I think of her;
And then, how will she feel?" cried he—
And took his hat and went to see.

E. S. MARTIN.

Frank R. Stockton was once invited to dinner in Washington by an artful hostess, who had the ices served in the form of a lady and a tiger.

"Now which?" she cooly asked, when they came on.

"Both, if you please," he replied, and the problem is still unsolved.

A MEMORY

How dear to this heart are the old-fashioned
dresses,
When fond recollection presents them to
view!
In fancy I see the old wardrobes and presses
Which held the loved gowns that in girlhood
I knew.
The widespreading mohair, the silk that hung
by it;
The straw-colored satin with trimmings of
brown;
The ruffled foulard, the pink organdy nigh it;
But, oh! for the pocket that hung in each
gown!
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete
pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in each
gown.

That dear, roomy pocket I'd hail as a treasure,
Could I but behold it in gowns of to-day;
I'd find it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
But all my modistes sternly answer me
"Nay!"
'Twould be so convenient when going out
shopping.
'Twould hold my small purchases coming
from town;

A Memory

And always my purse or my kerchief I'm
dropping—
Oh, me! for the pocket that hung in my gown.
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete
pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my
gown.

A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd guard
it!
Each day ere I'd don it I'd brush it with care;
Not a full Paris costume could make me discard
it,
Though trimmed with the laces an Empress
might wear.
But I have no hope, for the fashion is banished;
The tear of regret will my fond visions drown;
As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished
I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown.
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete
pocket,
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my
gown.

CAROLYN WELLS.

THE JIM-JAM KING OF THE JOU-JOUS

An Arabian Legend

(Translated from the Arabic)

Far off in the waste of desert sand,
The Jim-jam rules in the Jou-jou land:
He sits on a throne of red-hot rocks,
And moccasin snakes are his curling locks;
And the Jou-jous have the conniption fits
In the far-off land where the Jim-jam sits—
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

The country's so dry in Jou-jou land
You could wet it down with Sahara sand,
And over its boundaries the air
Is hotter than 'tis—no matter where.
A camel drops down completely tanned
When he crosses the line into Jou-jou land—
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

A traveler once got stuck in the sand
On the fiery edge of Jou-jou land;
The Jou-jous they confiscated him,
And the Jim-jam tore him limb from limb;

But, dying, he said: "If eaten I am,
I'll disagree with this dam-jim-jam!
He'll think his stomach's a Hoodoo's den!'
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

Then the Jim-jam felt so bad inside,
It just about humbled his royal pride.
He decided to physic himself with sand,
And throw up his job in the Jou-jou land.
He descended his throne of red-hot rocks,
And hired a barber to cut his locks:
The barber died of the got-'em-again.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

And now let every good Mussulman
Get all the good from this tale he can.
If you wander off on a Jamboree,
Across the stretch of the desert sea,
Look out that right at the height of your booze,
You don't get caught by the Jou-jou-jous!
You may, for the Jim-jam's at it again.
Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

ALARIC BERTRAND START.

At a recent dinner in New York city a prominent Southern woman present remarked, in the course of a conversation touching upon the famous statesman, that it "was almost wicked in Charles Sumner to have married. He was so deeply in love with himself," she continued, "that his marriage was little short of bigamy."

OLIVER HERFORD

THE END OF THE WORLD

ON the 31st of December, XXXX, two figures were slowly approaching the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates—a man and a woman, last of the human race—Mr. and Mrs. Fin. Mrs. Fin was becomingly gowned in a moire antique bell-skirt, with sun-plaits festooned with Venetian point-lace caught in with a girdle of cats'-eyes, a loose blouse waist elaborately trimmed with appliqué, bouffant sleeves, V-shaped corsage, Elizabethan collar, and broad-brimmed Gainsboro' hat with black ostrich plumes. Mr. Fin appeared in a frock-coat, double-breasted corduroy waistcoat, diagonal trousers, and patent leather shoes, and with a beaver hat.

It was midnight. As the couple approached the confluence, a gigantic vessel steamed slowly up the stream and cast anchor at the mouth of the Y. A small gangplank was lowered, and in less time than it takes to typewrite, a procession of assorted animals made their way down to the shore, two by two, much to Mr. and Mrs. Fin's surprise, grief and mortification, proceeded, with many apologies and with singular *naïveté*, to divest them of their respective wardrobes.

An elephant helped himself first to Mr. Fin's

ivory-headed cane. An ostrich calmly but firmly appropriated Mrs. Fin's feathers. A beaver reluctantly deprived the unfortunate gentleman of his hat, while a nimble tortoise deftly picked the haircombs and pins from his wife's head. Mr. Fin, stunned with amazement, made no resistance while a few sheep robbed him of his outer garments; but Mrs. Fin began to be a little shocked when two industrious silkworms began to ravel and wind up her bell-skirt, and a large Mo removed his mohair from the lining. The situation now became somewhat tense, and when a huge but conscientious whale appeared and carefully abstracted the bones from the lady's stays her embarrassment was almost painful. We must now hurry a little with our narrative. Suffice it to say that two business like camels approached and absent-mindedly devoured the Jaeger suits in which Mr. and Mrs. Fin had both always been firm believers. Things had now gone so far that the couple cheerfully resigned themselves to the inevitable, as an absently enthusiastic alligator escorted a pair of patent kids to the scene of the divestivities and gaily claimed possession of the shoes. It now only remained for a dozen excited oysters, shouting their college yell, to rush down the gangplank and dexterously abstract the pearl earrings from Mrs. Fin's ears, and the necklace which was her only remaining ornament.

. . . . . .

There was an awkward pause. When at length the pair recovered sufficiently to speak of the weather, which, as Mr. Fin remarked, had not moderated, the animals had disappeared. The couple, resuming their stroll, at length found themselves at the lodge gates of what seemed to be a large park, or garden. They entered, and, almost fainting with mortification and hunger, made their way hurriedly toward an orchard which was visible in the distance. All the fruit they could find, however, was a windfall russet apple, upon which they fell forthwith. Much to their disgust, it was found to have been bitten, and, making a tiny *moué*, the fastidious Mrs. Fin presented it to her spouse, who, with a shrug, refused the fruit and replaced it upon the tree.

Bishop Potter was asked once what he thought of woman suffrage. He made the following diplomatic reply:

"My dear madam, I have gotten away beyond that; I am trying to make the best terms with the sex that I can obtain."

This brings to mind the *mot* of William M. Evarts when asked by a lady if he did not think that woman was the best judge of woman. He replied:

"Not only the best judge, madam, but the best executioner."

SIMEON FORD

BOYHOOD IN A NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

I WAS raised in the State of Connecticut, but it was no fault of mine. My parents, before I reached the age of consent, experienced one of those sudden reverses of fortune which have always been so popular in my family, and we left our beautiful New York home, replete as it was with every luxury, including a large and variegated assortment of chattel mortgages, and moved up into Windham County, right in the center of the pie-belt and quite near the jumping-off place. It was a lovely, beautiful, quiet, peaceful, restful, healthful, desirable, bucolic hamlet, three miles from the cars and far, far from the madding throng, and where a man could use his knife for the purpose of transferring nourishment to his mouth without attracting undue attention. When I say it was quiet I but feebly describe it, but when I say it was healthful I am well within the mark. If a man died in that village under eighty years of age, they hung white crape on the doorbell and carved a little lamb on his tombstone. I left there twenty-five years ago to seek my fortune—which I'm still seeking—but the old people who were old then don't seem any older now. Last summer, when I went up with my

children, I noticed that the same old people were about as lively as ever, and the same old pink popcorn balls and jack-knives were still in the show-case of the store, which I used to think I'd buy when I got rich, but no longer seem to crave.

We boarded at the village hotel, and the experience I gained there has been of incalculable advantage to me in later years. Whenever a knotty question of hotel ethics presents itself to me, I try and decide what my old landlord would have done and then I do just the opposite.

And yet he had some good practical ideas which I should like to adopt in my hotel. For instance, he expected his guests to saw and split their own firewood in winter, generously supplying the cord-wood, however, and the ax as well, and also the saw. If I remember aright, we were expected to supply the pork wherewith to grease the saw, but he furnished the saw. My room was in the third story, and its ceiling slanted down rapidly, so that sometimes in the night, when aroused by a rat bounding joyously around on the quilt, I would sit up suddenly and embed portions of my intellect in the rafters. In the midst of the room was a sheet-iron stove of forbidding aspect, which stood like a light-house sequestered in the midst of a great Arctic Sea of zinc. It had great powers as a fuel-consumer, the peculiar quality so characteristic of country stoves, to wit: the more fire you had in the stove the colder the room seemed to

become. I made a scientific examination of that stove, and conclusively demonstrated that of the heat generated thereby, 125 per cent. went up the flue, and the balance went into the formation of rheumatism, goose flesh and chilblains.

Being, naturally, of a somewhat shiftless nature, I very rarely laid in a stock of wood at night, and in consequence I frequently had to go down early of a winter morning and dally with that woodpile. There are a good many cold things in this world—cold hands, cold feet, cold bottles, marble hearts and frozen faces—but of all cold things in this world, the coldest is an ax-helve which has reposed all of a winter's night on a Connecticut woodpile.

There was another feature of this little hotel which commended itself to me. The food was good, plentiful and nutritious, and it was all put on the table at once. The boarders were privileged to reach out and spear such viands as attracted their fancy, and transfer the same to their plates without loss of time. Compared with this Jeffersonian simplicity of service the average banquet seems cumbrous and ornate. Yet one thing is certain; things seemed to taste better in those days. Why, I can remember the thrill of ecstasy which vibrated through my Gothic system when the sound of the dinner-bell fell upon my strained and listening ear. With what mad haste I dashed up to the good old colonial wash-stand that stood near

the door, dipped out a tin basinful of water, scooped up a handful of soft-soap out of the half-cocoanut, and proceeded to remove my disguise. And then the towel! Ah, me, the towel! It was a red-letter day in the history of that hotel when we got a clean towel. And then the comb and brush! Perhaps I ought to draw the veil of charity over the comb and brush; and yet I used them just as generations had done before me and generations then unborn are doing yet. And when at last, with the mysteries of the toilet completed, with shining face and slicked hair, I would descend upon the dining-room and proceed to devastate the eatables—shades of Lucullus, Harvey Parker and Delmonico, how I did relish my victuals in those days.

An amusing accident once occurred at a time when an American vessel was lying at Naples. On being visited by the King and his suite, one of the latter, with cocked hat, mustache, sword, etc., was exploring the ship and mistook the main hatch wind-sail for a mast, and leaned against it. The officer of the deck was promptly advised of the accident by the boatswain' mate, who said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I think one of them 'ere kings has fell down the main hatch, sir."

EUGENE FIELD

THE CYCLOPEEDY

HAVIN' lived next door to the Hobart place f'r goin' on thirty years, I calc'let that I know jest about ez much about the case ez anybody else now on airth, exceptin' perhaps it's ol' Jedge Baker, and he's plaguey so old 'nd so powerful feeble that *he* don't know nothin'.

It seems that in the spring uv '97—the year that Cy Watson's oldest boy wuz drownded in West River—there come along a book agent sellin' volyumes, 'nd tracks f'r the diffusion uv knowledge, 'nd havin' got the recommend of the minister 'nd the select men, he done an all-fired big business in our part uv the county. His name wuz Lemuel Higgins, 'nd he wuz ez likely a talker ez I ever heerd, barrin' Lawyer Conkey, 'nd everybody allowed that when Conkey wuz round he talked so fast that the town pump ud have to be greased every twenty minutes.

One of the first of our folks that this Lemuel Higgins struck wuz Leander Hobart. Leander had jest married one uv the Peasley girls, 'nd had moved into the old homestead on the Plainville road—old Deacon Hobart havin' give up the place to him, the other boys havin' moved out

West (like a lot o' darned fools that they wuz!). Leander wuz feelin' his cats jest about this time, 'nd nothin' wuz too good f'r him.

"Hattie," says he, "I guess I'll have to lay in a few books f'r readin' in the winter time, 'nd I've half a notion to subscribe f'r a cyclopeedy. Mr. Higgins here says they're invalerable in a family, and that we orter have 'em, bein' as how we're likely to have the family bime by."

"Lor's sakes, Leander, how you talk!" sez Hattie, blushin' all over, ez brides allers does to heern tell sich things.

Waal, to make a long story short, Leander bargained with Mr. Higgins for a set uv them cyclopeedies, 'nd he signed his name to a long printed paper that showed how he agreeed to take a cyclopeedy oncet in so often, which wuz to be ez often as a new one uv the volyumes wuz printed. A cyclopeedy isn't printed all at oncet, because that would make it cost too much; consekently the man that gets it up has it strung along fur apart, so as to hit folks oncet every year or two, and gin'rally about harvest time. So Leander kind uv liked the idee, and he signed the printed paper 'nd made his affidavit to it afore Jedge Warner.

The fust volyume of the cyclopeedy stood on a shelf in the old seckertary in the settin'-room about four months before they had any use f'r it. One night Squire Turner's son come over to visit Leander 'nd Hattie, and they got to talkin' about apples 'nd the sort uv apples that

wuz the best. Leander allowed that the Rhode Island greenin' wuz the best, but Hattie and the Turner boy stuck up f'r the Roxbury russet, until at last a happy idee struck Leander, and sez he: "We'll leave it to the cyclopeedy, b'gosh. Whichever one the cyclopeedy sez is the best will settle it."

"But you can't find out nothin' 'bout Roxbury russets nor Rhode Island greenin's in *our* cyclopeedy," sez Hattie.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" sez Leander, kind uv indignant like.

"'Cause ours hain't got down to the R yet," sez Hattie. "All ours tells about is things beginnin' with A."

"Well, ain't we talkin' about Apples?" sez Leander. "You aggervate me terrible, Hattie, by insistin' on knowin' what you don't know nothin' about."

Leander went to the sekertary 'nd took down the cyclopeedy 'nd hunted all through it f'r Apples, but all he could find wuz "Apples —See Pomology."

"How in thunder kin I see Pomology," sez Leander, "when there ain't no Pomology to see? Gol durn a cyclopeedy, anyhow."

And he put the volyume back onto the shelf 'nd never sot eyes on it agin.

That's the way the thing run f'r years 'nd years. Leander would 've gin up the plaguey bargain, but he couldn't; he had signed a printed paper 'nd had swore to it afore a justice

of the peace. Higgins would have had the law on him if he had throwed up the trade.

The most aggervatin' feature uv it all wuz that a new one uv them cussid cyclopeedies wuz allus sure to show up at the wrong time—when Leander wuz hard up or had jest been afflicted some way or other. His barn burnt down two nights afore the volyume containin' the letter B arrived, and Leander needed all his chink to pay f'r lumber, but Higgins sot back on that affidavit and defied the life out uv him.

"Never mind, Leander," sez his wife, soothin' like, "it's a good book to have in the house, anyhow, now that we've got a baby."

"That's so," sez Leander; "babies does begin with B, don't it?"

You see their fust baby had been born; they named him Peasley—Peasley Hobart—after Hattie's folks. So, seein' as how it was payin' f'r a book that told about babies, Leander didn't begredge that five dollars so very much after all.

"Leander," sez Hattie one afternoon, "that B cyclopeedy ain't no account. There ain't nothin' in it about babies except 'See Maternity'!"

"Waal, I'll be gosh durned!" sez Leander, That wuz all he said, and he couldn't do nothin' at all, f'r that book agent, Lemuel Higgins, had the dead wood on him—the mean, sneakin' critter!

So the years passed on, one of them cyclopeedies showin' up now 'nd then—sometimes

every two years 'nd sometimes every four, but allus at a time when Leander found it pesky hard to give up a fiver. It warn't no use cussin' Higgins; Higgins just laffed when Leander allowed that the cyclopeedy wuz no good 'nd that he wuz bein' robbed. Meantime Leander's family wuz increasin' and growin'. Little Sarey had the hoopin'-cough dreadful one winter, but the cyclopeedy didn't help out at all, 'cause all it said wuz: "Hoopin'-cough—See Whoopin'-Cough"—and uv course, there warn't no Whoopin'-Cough to see, bein' as how the W hadn't come yet.

Oncet, when Hiram wanted to dreen the home pasture, he went to the cyclopeedy to find out about it, but all he diskivered wuz "Drain—See Tile." This wuz in 1859, and the cyclopeedy had only got down to G.

The cow wuz sick with lung fever one spell, and Leander laid her dyin' to that cussid cyclopeedy, 'cause when he went to readin' 'bout cows it told him to "See Zoölogy."

But what's the use uv harrowin' up one's feelin's talkin' 'nd thinkin' about these things? Leander got so after awhile that the cyclopeedy didn't worry him at all; he grew to look at it as one uv the crosses that human critters has to bear without complainin' through this vale uv tears. The only thing that bothered him wuz the fear that mebbe he wouldn't live to see the last volume—to tell the truth, this kind uv got to be his hobby, and I've heern him talk 'bout

it many a time, settin' round the stove at the tavern 'nd squirtin' tobacco juice at the sawdust box. His wife, Hattie, passed away with the yaller janders the winter W come, and all that seemed to reconcile Leander to survivin' her wuz the prospect uv seein' the last volyume uv that cyclopeedy. Lemuel Higgins, the book agent, had gone to his everlastin' punishment; but his son, Hiram, had succeeded to his father's business 'nd continued to visit the folks his old man had roped in. By this time Leander's children had growed up; all on 'em wuz marr'd, and there wuz numeris grandchildren to amuse the ol' gentleman. But Leander wuzn't to be satisfied with the common things uv airth; he didn't seem to take no pleasure in his grandchildren like most men do; his mind wuz allers sot on somethin' else—for hours 'nd hours, yes, all day long, he'd set out on the front stoop lookin' wistfully up the road for that book agent to come along with a cyclopeedy. He didn't want to die till he'd got all th' cyclopeedies his contract called for; he wanted to have everything straightened out before he passed away.

When—oh, how well I recollect it—when Y came along he wuz so overcome that he fell over in a fit uv paralysis, 'nd the old gentleman never got over it. For the next three years he drooped 'nd pined, and seemed like he couldn't hold out much longer. Finally he had to take to his bed—he was so old 'nd feeble—but he made 'em move the bed up aginst the winder

so he could watch for that last volyume of the cyclopeedy.

The end come one balmy day in the spring uv '87. His life wuz a-ebbin' powerful fast; the minister wuz there, 'nd me, 'nd Dock Wilson, 'nd Jedge Baker, 'nd most uv the fam'ly. Lovin' hands smoothed the wrinkled forehead 'nd breshed back the long, white hair, but the eyes of the dyin' man wuz sot upon that piece uv road down which the cyclopeedy man allus come.

All at oncet a bright 'nd joyful look come into them eyes, 'nd ol' Leander riz up in bed 'nd sez, "It's come!"

"What is it, father?" asked his daughter Sarey, sobbin' like.

"Hush," sez the minister, solemnly; "he sees the shinin' gates uv the Noo Jerusalem."

"No, no," cried the aged man; "it is the cyclopeedy—the letter Z—it's comin'!"

And, sure enough! the door opened and in walked Higgins. He tottered rather than walked, f'r he had growed old 'nd feeble in his wicked perfession.

"Here's the Z cyclopeedy, Mr. Hobart," says Higgins.

Leander clutched it; he hugged it to his pantin' bosom; then stealin' one pale hand under the piller he drew out a faded bank-note and gave it to Higgins.

"I thank thee for this boon," sez Leander, rollin' his eyes up devoutly; then he gave a deep sigh.

"Hold on," cried Higgins, excitedly, "you've made a mistake—it isn't the last——"

But Leander didn't hear him—his soul hed fled from its mortal tenement 'nd had soared rejoicin' to realms uv everlastin' bliss.

"He is no more," sez Dock Wilson, metaphorically.

"Then who are his heirs?" asked that mean critter Higgins.

"We be," sez the family.

"Do you conjointly and severally acknowledge and assume the obligation of deceased to me?" he asked 'em.

"What obligation?" asked Peasley Hobart, stern like.

"Deceased died owin' me fer a cyclopeedy sez Higgins.

"That's a lie!" sez Peasley. "We all seed him pay you for the Z!"

"But there's another one to come," sez Higgins.

"Another'?' they all asked.

"Yes, the index!" sez he.

So there wuz, and I'll be eternally goll durned if he ain't a-suin' the estate in the probate court now f'r the price uv it!"