

OLD HAYSEED'S FIRST LOVE.

Why, howdy, Bill! git down an' hitch,
For Marth's gone ter see
Old Sister Gibbs—she's purty sick—
Her's no one here but me;
An' Si, he's gone ter singing' skule,
Down yonder 'bout er mile;
Cum in, an' make yerself at home,
Set down an' stay awhile.

You ast me how I got my wife;
I'll tell yer how it wuz:
We fell in love when w'en wuz young,
Jes like two children duz.
Themore we growed, the more we loved;
The older that we'd git,
The happier our lives 'ould be,
An' we love like children yet.

We o'fen talk about the time
I ast her for her han';
Then we wuz young an' green ez gourds;
We didn't onderstan'
The little tricks o' Cupid then,
The fun at us he poked,
While she would set thar sawin' wood,
I'd set thar nearly choked.

I went thar seven times ter ast,
An' every time I went
I thought I'd pop the question then
An' get her sweet consent.
Somehow I couldn't fix my mouth,
My legs would have the shakes;
I'd break out in a dead cold sw'et,
My boots git full o' snakes.

One night I screwed my courage up
Ter make the job complete;
I'd ast her ef she would be mine
Or drap dead at her feet.
We sneaked out in the garden, Bill.
An' on a bench we sot;
We slid towards each other then
Ez ef thet oench wuz hot.

I put my arm around her waist
An' then I kissed her, too.
She sed: "The moon is lookin'—don't"
"I don't keer ef she do."
I ast her ef she'd marry me;
She didn't say a thing,
But sot thar like she'd lost her voice
An' chawed her apron string.

The stars wur winkin' at the moon,
The night wuz sorter still;
She leaned agin' me an' she sed:
"I sorter guess I will."
I told her tw'arn't no time to doubt,
An' me live on the guess,
She put her sweet, fresh lips ter mine
An' softly whispered "Yes!"

Gee whiz! my heart went ter my boots;
A snake crawled up my sleeve,
I felt my spine a turnin' cold,
I wuz too weak ter leave.
It wazn't long before I went
Back to that house to git
The only gal I ever loved.
An' Bill, I've got her yit.

Ah! here she is— don't go yit, Bill,
When she cums back down sta'rs
We'll read the Bible for awhile,
An' then kneel down in pra'rs;
An' in them pra'rs we'll not forgit
That you are kneelin' near,
An' God an' angels will be glad
To know that you wuz here.

—WILL HAYS in Courier-Journal.

Live Today.

The value of the future depends entirely upon the value attached to today; there is no magic in the years to come; nothing can bloom in those fairer fields save that which is sown today. The great aim of Christianity is not to teach men the glory of the life to come, but the sacredness of the life that now is; not to make men imagine the

beauty of heaven, but to make them realize the divinity of earth; not to unveil the splendor of the Almighty, enthroned among angels; but to reveal deity in the Man of Nazareth. He has mastered the secret of life who has learned the value of the present moment, who sees the beauty of present surroundings, and who recognizes the possibility of sainthood in his neighbors. To make the most and the best out of today is to command the highest resources of the future. For there is no future outside of us; it lies within us, and we make it for ourselves.—The Outlook.

LIVING UP TO THEIR REPUTATION.

By Ermentine Young.

In all Michaelville no family had quite the standing of the O'Rourke's. It had been so ever since Mr. O'Rourke's mother died, and they had given her "sich a foine sind off," as Bridget Murphy expressed it.

The good whiskey freely distributed at that time still fondly lingered in the memories of the Michaelvillians.

"Sure an there's nothin' mane about Dennis O'Rourke," boasted that individual. "Me mither herself, saints rist her sowl, would be plased wid this little affair of hers."

The funeral procession was the longest that had ever been seen upon a like occasion in that town. What mattered it that the rear was brought up by Pat Murphy's old broken down chaise, that must have been twin-sister to that renowned one horse chaise? It counted one in the number of vehicles.

Thus the family reputation was established. Now all the O'Rourke's had to do was to live up to it.

Mrs. O'Rourke felt it incumbent upon herself to give some kind of an entertainment. In pursuance of this idea she invited her second cousin, a maid at the great house on the hill, to a little afternoon treat. From her she learned that the last entertainment given there had been a five o'clock tea.

"Sure, Mary Ann, what does ye do at a foive o'clock tay?" asked Mrs. O'Rourke, determined to astonish her friends with a like affair.

"Do!" answered Mary Ann, "ye don't 'do' a-tall, a-tall. Ye jist stand still loike, and shakes ivery sowl by the hand. Astanding up there in full driss, and ye says: 'A foine day, this; so glad yez could come.' For by it's a bad day, ye says 'rainy' for foine. I paked in at the door an seen it all"

Mrs. O'Rourke made a mental note of "full dress."

"Full driss, is it," she said, "an' is it full driss all over?"

"Faix, an I should say it was full driss, frum the bare arms and neck to the long trail behind," answered her cousin.

"An does they all come in full driss?" inquired Mrs. O'Rourke, determined to get as much information as possible with-

out showing too much ignorance.

"In course not," said Mary Ann, with a superior toss of the head. "It's their strate close they come in, an they jist spakes wid ye, shakes hands wid ye, conwarses wid ye, take tay an goes. An ye, in full driss all the toime, a dazzlin' thim wid yez foine close."

"Is it only tay ye has to ate? A very unsatisfactory trate that," remarked Mrs. O'Rourke.

"Tay an sandwiches, an waferes, an small cakes trown in, if ye plases."

The day following this conversation, a notice like the following appeared in the front window of the O'Rourke mansion:

"I invites all me frinds to me house to a foive o'clock tay at half past four nixt Thursday. I sees no one till thin.

"MATILDA O'ROUKE."

Great excitement prevailed among Mrs. O'Rourke's friends when the news was spread. Not having cousins who worked at the "great house," the significance of "Foive o'clock tay" was unknown and consequently the words were freighted with mystery. That it was to be something unusual they had no doubt. For the next few days the feminine minds were busy concocting suitable costumes for the occasion. The prevailing excitement at last reached the male portion of the community, and one and all they determined to accompany the "leddies."

Many were the treats Dennis enjoyed during these days, but he never so far forgot himself as to enlighten his friends upon the all-absorbing subject.

The days were busy ones for Mrs. O'Rourke, for she had made up her mind to fairly paralyze the ladies of her acquaintance by the fulness of her dress. Yards and yards, not of silk, but a brilliant red calico, checked off with yellow stripes, were used. Poor little Nora sat up nights till she would fairly tumble off her stool, sewing the seams, while her mother made bows of yellow ribbon that were to adorn her ample bust and shoulders. One, longer than the others, was to find a resting place in her hair.

At four o'clock Thursday afternoon the "leddies and gintlemen" of Michaelville thronged the street, sidewalk and yard in front of the O'Rourke's, but no one ventured to enter the house till the signal should be given that the proper time, 4:30, had arrived.

Jimmy Lynch had been stationed at the corner of the street where he could see the town clock, and was to blow his fish horn at exactly half-past four. While waiting for the signal they partook of a relishing dish of gossip, preparatory to the tea drinking that was to come later.

Betsy Nolan's wedding and Bill Flynn's "throuble wid the boss" were being discussed when a loud blast from the horn was heard, and with one accord they started for the door. For a few moments confusion reigned, but finally Dennis appeared in the doorway and shouted: