

UNDER THE SNOW.

STORY IN RHyme BY ROBERT COLLIER.

It was Christmas eve in the year four,
And an ancient dame named used to tell,
The wisest whiter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell.

When Wagner John got out his team,
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's day.

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Mostest and winsome and wondrous fair,
And true to her truth, for her heart was true.

"Thou'st surely not gone," shouted mine host,
"Thou'lt be in the drift as thou'st thou'st born,
Thy lass will want to wed with a ghost,
And that's what thou'lt be on Christmas morn."

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton town,
To Blueberg houses and Washburn dale,
Thou had better turn back at this dawn,
And comfort thy heart with a drop of good ale."

"Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the wings against the Year's day,
Herds from rivers in the drought,
Men must dare or nothing do."

So what cares the lover for storm or drift;
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He stings to himself like a leech to a fever can,
And the joy in his heart turns to Christmas morn.

But the wind from the north brings a deadly chill,
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep,
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill,
He is weary and falls in a pleasant sleep.

He dreams he is walking by Washburn side,
Walking with Ruth, his sweetest, summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now forever and aye.

Now read this riddle, how Ruth should hear,
That song of a heart, in the clutch of doom.
It's like a heart, and it's like a heart,
As if her love was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,
As she bows to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover is lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead on the great wild moor.

"Help! help! or my sweetheart is lost! Lost! Lost!"
Through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded and tending,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,
Pulian, Ward, Robinson, each with his light,
To find her there, and to find her will.

He was dead in the drift, then,
As I raised in wonder,
Fifty years since come Christmas day.

"Nay, my wife, we were," the daisemal cried,
"By Baron Carnarvon's great-grandfather's bride,
And Master Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find under the snow?"
They cried with a laughter, touched with tears,
"Such a lack," he said, "to never can know,
No, not if we live a hundred years."

"There's a sight of things gan
To the making of man,"
Then I rushed to my play
With a whoop and a yell,
Fifty years since come Christmas day.

A DEBT OF HONOR.

IT WAS THE wet forenoon of a January day, just two years ago, when the usual gang of idlers that hang about the ferry wharves were delighted at having the monotony of gazing out from under the dripping awnings broken by the singular movements of a couple of policemen. One of these was on his knees beside a hole broken through the flooring of a neighboring dock, and engaged in angrily issuing evidently-disregarded commands to some fugitive concealed beneath, while his fellow, with equal propriety and perspiration, endeavored to pry up a loose board further along, for the purpose of also gaining access to the offender.

"What's up? What's the matter?" asked the bystanders, crowding up, while the passengers coming off the just-landed ferry-boat stopped to look on.

The policemen, however, ignored the inquiries leveled at them with all the haughtiness peculiar to the municipal official of the period. But when a bustling citizen, who was evidently a merchant and taxpayer, paused and said brusquely, "Hello, there, Mike! What are you after, Pat?" one of the blue-and-brass luminaries looked up and growled:

"Nothing but a wharf-rat, zur."

"Then why didn't you send in a dog if it's a rat?" returned the merchant, innocently. But the contemptuous criticism of his ignorance about to be made by the officer was interrupted just then by the cries of the rodent in question, which appeared at the first-mentioned aperture in consequence of a vigorous clubbing administered by one of the policemen, who had finally succeeded in removing the plank. The captive thus secured was an indescribably diminutive and preposterously dirty urchin, with the blackest eyes and reddish head imaginable. As the policeman dragged him into the daylight by his threadbare collar, and perched him, trembling and whimpering, of a bale near at hand, a shout of appreciative gratification went up from the bystanders. Nothing ticks the risibles of our ordinary street crowd so much as a little genuine pain and suffering exhibited gratis.

Looking at the spectacle in this popular and kindly fashion, there was indeed much cause for merriment. Nothing sadder or more pitiful could be imagined than that little hunger-pinched, bare-footed, ragged figure, with its untimely aged and withered face, white with despair at the consummation of the one terrible dread of its owner's brief life—he had been "took up."

"What's he done?" asked a severe-looking man, eagerly. "Not been fighting dogs, eh?"

"The love, is't," responded one of the blue-coated magnates, leisurely putting up his club. "Oh, he's only wan o' them wharf rats that lives beneath the wharves here, and sties from the porpoise schooners' 'drifts.' We be runnin' them all in now for vgrancy and ondate exposure, by reason o' thim goin' in swimmin, ivry five minutes without their clothes. It's after this divil we've been tryin' to catch o' more. It's no use thyrin' to catch wan o' thim feilays in the water. They swim loike a fish, begorra, thim does, and they're more holes to sculp in than the cleas themselves, so they have."

"Ah!" said the severe-looking man, who was an officer of the S. P. C.'s, I was in hopes it was a case for me," and he walked off much disappointed.

The wharf rat ceased his low terrified sniveling long enough to put in a plea that he was not a vagrant, but sold papers; that he only slept underneath the wharf because it didn't cost anything; that he didn't know it was any harm to be in swimming, and other excuses common to great criminals.

One of the officers strolled off to look up an express wagon to convey their captive to headquarters. This he did partly because he would involve a loss of dignity to convey so insignificant a prisoner through the streets, and partly because he had a friend in the express office who was always good for a "divvy" on these little jobs. The other guard, a majestic man, crossed after his exertions on a hawser post, after impressing upon the child that an immediate cessation of his blubbering would obviate the necessity of having his head caved in by a club.

Meanwhile several other passengers to and from the ferry loitered to gaze at

the strong hand of the law in full operation and to ask the policeman's offense. One of these was a sleek and benevolent minister of an up-town church, but as he was hurrying home to write a pathetic sermon on the text of the good Samaritan he had no time to waste upon later-day Philistines, and so he passed by on the other side.

Another was a great mining capitalist, but it always made him angry to look at people that were poor and dirty and vulgar. He had been poor and dirty and vulgar himself once, and he now regarded all such attributes as direct personal reflections, so to speak. So he stepped frowningly into the fine carriage that was in waiting and rattled off.

The next citizen who stopped to look on was a political economist, who spoke three times a week on suffering Ireland and ameliorating the condition of the working masses. His soul sickened at the injustice of society, he used to say, and, pausing long enough to make a shirt-cuff note on the fearful increase of crime among children, he, too, went off shaking his head.

And then another millionaire chanced by. One of those continually haunted by a fear of being themselves left in poverty and want some day, despite their present wealth. And so this one clutched his purse tighter than ever, and gave way to a couple of giggling women, who were the next comers.

Does not some writer say that sweet charity and holy piety dwell always in woman's gentle breast? But these were San Francisco women of the period, and so they tittered with one breath: "What a horrible little brat!" and then minced on toward the matinee.

Meanwhile the brisk merchant first mentioned walked rapidly up Market street, like a man every moment of whose time meant coin. But when he had proceeded about three squares his pace, for some reason, seemed to grow slower and slower, and from time to time he jerked his head impatiently and said "Pshaw!" indignantly to himself, as though he was engaged in combating some unwelcome mental impulse that persisted in presenting itself to his consideration.

The fact was, this brusque, imperious man of trade was troubled with a most uncommon and annoying affection of the heart, called humanity. It was so unnatural and singular a disease for a grown man to possess nowadays, that the merchant was very properly ashamed of it; not only that, but it seemed this an hereditary affection that persevered in making itself felt, and impelling its possessor to all sorts of absurd consistent things in the most absurd manner possible. Left to himself the merchant was wealthy, respectable, a man of influence, and a church member. In fact, he possessed all the necessary qualifications for being selfish, uncharitable, self-centered and inhuman, and it irritated him to the last degree, just when he was about, for instance, to initiate his wealthy neighbors and evade subscribing to some charity or overhauling any other kind action, to have "this little inborn imp of humanity" actually torment him into doing the very thing his worldly training taught him most to avoid.

He had noticed, too, that this disease—this humanity, an epidemic, the reader will understand—always affected him most when most happy and contented himself, and as he was in a more than usually serene mood just then he was annoyed but not surprised to hear a familiar little voice in his breast say, and keep saying:

"Remember the loving little child you kissed when you left home just now. Suppose it were sitting there, instead of that wretched little waif, crushed and despairing. Come, stop thinking of how your neighbor Jones would act, but go back and see if you can not do a little something for the boy."

As he have said, he fought against this ridiculous impulse for a time, but it ended in his turning at last and retracing his steps with that sort of half-injured, half-shamefaced expression many men put on when they set about a good action, for some as yet unsolved reason.

"What's your name?" he gruffly asked of the child, who by this time had been pitched upon the seat of the wagon on, which was about ready to start.

"Snub," replied the small hoodlum, eying his interrogator a moment in a sly, cunning way. The house of correction for six months, which he knew was the fate that awaited him, was much more to his kind than the mere disgrace and punishment. It meant in addition just what bankruptcy and ruin does to the business man. Long before his release the particular street corner on which he sold his papers, and the sole and equitable right to occupy which he had defended from his fellow merchants at the expense of many a gamely fought battle and bloody nose, would be gone forever.

"Snub what?" said the merchant.

"Walker, or suthin' like that," replied the boy, with a sly, cunning look, a moment of attempted recollection. "The boys call me only 'Snub,' that's all."

"Why?"

He shook his head in answer, although the shape of his infinitesimal nose supplied the necessary information.

"Where's your mother?"

"Gone dead."

"When?"

"Dunno—long time—fore dad ran away."

"Away where?"

"Ter sea."

"And so you shift for yourself and sell papers? Hm. Why do they call you a wharf rat?"

"Dunno. I ain't no rat," said the red-headed pigmy, explanatorily, and somewhat warmed into a show of interest by the more-kindly voice of the stranger.

"Well, no; you are hardly big enough for a rat," laughed the other. "You're more like a mouse, and so I'll give you a crumb."

And as just then the wagon started, the merchant stepped into a cab and told the driver to hasten to the City Hall, and he devilish quick about it, as he was missing an engagement at the Mayor's Exchange. As for "Snub," he watched the queer gentleman out of sight with a kind of pathetic curiosity. The rat had been injured to "chaffing," and other branches of popular street amusement, and so used to ridicule on account of his puny frame and bristly red hair, that it did not surprise him to see this gentleman go off, like every one else, in spite of his steady eyes and clear voice. For "Snub" didn't clearly remember to have ever heard a kind voice before, and the course of his brief career had been all running over the novelty when the wagon turned down into Market street, and the shadow of the jail again fell over his benighted little soul.

But the man with the kind voice was there before him, chatting affably with the Captain in charge.

"How much will the malefactor's forfeit ball come to?" he asked, as the exposure charge was looked

"Ten dollars," said the clerk, with a grin.

"An angel from heaven had risen out of the floor to slow music and offered 'Snub' a whole piggy bank of once, after two days' fasting from bad business, as he had dreamed one did, he would not have been more astonished than he was then to behold the stranger take out a huge handful of dazzling gold and toss down a shining ten.

"There, Mr. Mouse," he said; "there is your crumb. Your bathing bill is settled."

"Does yer mean I kin go now, mister?" gasped the prisoner, for a moment too stunned to grasp the fact.

"Yes," said the gentleman, and then, winking at the clerk, he continued: "But, you know, I only lend you this money. I expect you to pay it back in a year, you understand."

But, even while they were all laughing heartily at so rich a joke, the wharf rat raised his little clenched paw and said, with an earnestness that even made the callous specials look around:

"I'll do it, sir; indeed I will—I hope I may be struck dead if I don't!"

"Well, ahem! see that you do," said his benefactor, with assumed gravity, "or I shall think you not a mouse of your word."

"I hope I may be struck dead," so solemnly, indeed, that the merchant felt, he couldn't see why, a sort of lump rise in his throat, as he searched his pocket for a supplementary 4-bit piece.

"No," said the small dealer, declining this last firmly. "I have 40 cents—that's enough for the papers;" and, hurriedly glancing at the clock, which showed the hour for the afternoon issues had arrived, he was gone like a flash, for to be late then meant the total risk of his small capital, and a meal or two skipped until the loss was made up.

PART II.

SIXTY CENTS' WORTH.

I wonder how many passengers on the Oakland ferry ever speculate seriously on what they would do—in fact, on what would happen should they fall overboard on the trip.

If such gloomy calculations filled their minds, and, impelled by them, the passenger strolled forward or aft on the main deck to inspect the life-boats, he would not need to possess a very intimate knowledge of nautical affairs to be ominously impressed by what he would see.

Of course, we all know that general law requires each steamboat, in addition to other life-saving facilities, to provide a number of life-boats in proportion to the steamer's capacity. These are, in the language of the specifications relating thereto, to be slung on the main deck, kept in constant working order, ready for instant use, and the deck hands familiarized with the working of the same by weekly drills.

The inquiring passengers referred to would notice, we repeat, that on the ferry lines referred to the regulations are practically ignored. The boats, he would perceive, are slung on davits, stout by rust; the lowering tackle solidified into iron like rigidity by the use of paint; the life-boats themselves covered by an elaborately-fastened canvas hood, and the whole apparatus tied, strapped and manacled in a manner perplexing to the most ready-fingered sailor, much less to the chuckle-headed, slow-moving deckhand of the period.

A very impartial little calculation would then show the astonished passenger in question that should he fall overboard, or jump over and then repent him of the act, as most suicides do, it would be at least fifteen minutes, in all probability, before he could be reached. Adding this cheerful result to the fact, statistically proved, that not more than four persons out of a thousand, including swimmers, can keep afloat for ten minutes in smooth water with their clothes on, the reader would doubtless conclude by keeping as far away from the side railing as possible, and even read the next published account of "A Determined Suicide" on the ferry line with as much skepticism as interest.

And yet our steamboat inspectors do not look as if a few hundred indirect nudges weighed very heavily on their possible minds, somehow.

It was December again, and, lacking a few days, a year had slipped by since the lion had reversed the fable by gnawing the net for the mouse to escape. That morning the merchant, who, for some inscrutable reason, resided in that corporate city known as Oakland, had fired the imagination of his little daughter by reading at the breakfast table the inspiring news that two baby tigers had just been born at Woodward's gardens. As a necessary sequence he had finally yielded to the mandate of the domestic despot that she should be conveyed forthwith to that realm of juvenile delight. So papa, mamma and the golden-haired midget in the family led took an early boat for the city—the grown folks gravely pretending, for some ridiculous reason peculiar to grown folks everywhere, that they did not themselves look at the animals, but that it wouldn't do to trust the nurse, altogether, in such a place.

As the ferry-boat neared the wharf on the city side, the mother was in the cabin engaged in the discussion of nursery mysteries with some neighboring matron, while the merchant, who had descended to the lower deck with the child, was head over ears in a political disquisition regarding the new Cabinet. Little Lillie, at length getting tired of hanging to the unresponsive big forefinger of her father's hand, trotted off unnoticed to the side of the boat to peer timidly from beneath the gangway rail at the great, old poles that were sweeping close past as the boat entered the slip. They reminded her of so many soldiers on parade.

As the steamer's bow crunched against the piles with a more than usually violent preliminary rattle, a sudden inarticulate shout of terror rose from the passengers. The little bundle of chubby prettiness had tottered and disappeared over the side.

"My God!" shrieked the paralyzed father, as the crowding of the boat against the slip shut the drowning child from sight and rendered help impossible; "she will be crushed under the wheel."

"Back! back!" shouted the passengers to the pilot, and, while the frantic screams of the mother chilled their hearts, and a dozen kindly hands restrained the insane father from simply leaping from the opposite side, the engine bells jangled furiously, and the huge mass half-drove and then began slowly to move outward again.

Hoping against hope, the coolest of the passengers crowded to the rail with boat-hooks, until, after what seemed an eternity of time to the white, watching faces above, a narrow streak of water was revealed, which grew wider and wider.

"Well, I'm—!" said one of the deck-hands, who was peering under the side, "if a wharf-rat hasn't got it."

But the shudder caused by this

strange remark was interrupted by a presently the eager swimmer, who was swimming below them, and who, in close-cropped head and hair, and sufficiently resolute to do his business, boy swimmer, a masterpiece of the art. Floating behind him, with his upturned and resting upon the shoulders that struck out from the merchant's little daughter, and his insensible infant by means of his sunny curls passed over his head, and gripped firmly in his arms, the boy struggled on to the surface, which he finally clung like a limpet to amphibious animal he really was.

A boat-hook twisted in the hands of the girl soon relieved the merchant of the clinging arms of his mother, whose raised eyes told plainly that she felt her baby's heart still beating against her own.

As they lowered the hooks again to draw up the almost equally exhausted rescuer the men noticed that the drops that fell back from his clothes made a red stain on the water. As they lifted him gently over the edge of the wharf and laid him down on his back, a terrible wound, extending around his side and cutting clear through two of his ribs, was exposed.

"Stand back!" said one of the men to the crowding bystanders. "He's all broke up. Must have dived under the wheel for her."

The lookers-on drew back aghast from the puny wet form lying there on the slowly-expanding carpet of red blood which throbbled from his mangled side.

In the awe-struck silence the low sobbing of the reviving baby near by was heard, at which sound the wounded boy slowly opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Where is he?" said a strong voice, shaken with emotion, and the merchant pushed his way through the ring and knelt tenderly by the pitiful little figure.

"God bless you, my little man. What can I do for you?" and then, in a shocked tone, he added, "Why, he is wounded. Some one fetch a doctor at once!"

"Tain't no use," whispered the boy, faintly; and then, beckoning to the merchant to bend closer, he said, in irregular gasps, "Does yer sakin' the mouse?"

The merchant looked perplexed.

"Yer don't know me, but I know you and the little gal, too, as soon as I seeed her drop. I'm the boy what was took up."

"Yes, yes, I remember; but you musn't talk until the doctor comes, my poor fellow."

"Tain't no use, I'm goin'," said the small mouth. "Here, take that out and count it," and he indicated a lump that protruded from a pocket of his wet clothes. The merchant gently withdrew a rag, in which was rolled a lot of silver.

"Count it," persisted the lad, earnestly. The man wonderingly obeyed, and then said there were just \$9.40 in the bundle.

"I said I'd pay you back this year," said the boy in a fainter whisper and with a disregard of his terrible pain that was marvelous; "but I can't now; I'm a-goin', and I'm 60 cents short!"

And he said this with so earnest a look of distress and shame at his failure that through the mind of his wet-eyed creditor involuntarily passed a thought of the petty privations, the ceaseless little acts of self-denial, the half-days and shivering nights that were expressed by each of the battered dimes and hoarded nickels of the slowly-acquired sum he held in his hand.

"Never mind the money," said the father in a choking voice; "my baby is worth all the money in the world to me, and you have saved her life." As he spoke a sudden thought dimly brightened the eyes of the battered little tradesman. Accustomed as he was from his earliest moments to fight the desperate battle of existence with his hungering and weary faculties on the alert for every advantage, and as he in his pigmy bargains, he asked:

"Is gals worth anything?"

It was evident that saving another life, or losing his own, was a small matter beside his anxiety to pay the debt of honor that weighed upon him. He asked the question incredulously, though. The few girls of "Snub's" acquaintance were wretchedly ineffectual creatures, unable to compete in the paper trade, and proportionately worthless and insignificant.

"Yes, yes; mine is worth ever so much," said the parent gently, and hardly knowing how to frame his answer to the odd question.

"Sixty cents?" persisted Snub.

"Oh! yes—much, much more—but—"

"Then," whispered the child, with an effort, but still triumphantly, "we're square. I said I'd do it—and I have" and his eyes closed.

"Can't I do something for you, my poor little hero?" said the merchant through his tears, for the just-arrived physician had turned away, shaking his head. "Do you wish for nothing?"

The little black eyes opened dully a moment, pondered, and then closed again.

"I should like Skinny Smith to have my corner." The murmur came faintly and far off. And then, having made his brief will, he choked, and as the blood oozed thinly from his little drawn mouth he whispered but one word more:

"Square."

"It's beginning to rain," said one of the bystanders, in a husky voice. "Let us carry the little chap home."

But the wharf rat had gone home already.—San Francisco Post.

Rather Severe on the Lawyers.

The Supreme Judicial Court for one of the counties adjoining us sat and one or two members of the Androscoggin bar attended. A clergyman was invited to open the court with prayer and did so. The divine closed his petition in this manner: "At last, may we become dwellers of that better land where there are no lawyers, no Judges and no courts. Amen." The court bit its lip, the attorneys' ribs could hardly be restrained from shaking by the solemnity of the occasion and business was not taken up until some time after prayer. The parson doubtless meant that on the other shore there would be no occasion for legal proceedings, but the bar persisted in misunderstanding that there were to be no lawyers among the elect.—Lewis (Mo.) Journal.

A Millin man had a novel fishing adventure the other day. A pike dived in his luck followed by a larva.

The big fish swallowed the

Deep vs. Shallow Plowing.

There seems to be quite a difference of opinion in regard to the depth to plow for the successful growing of crops. Some farmers advocate deep, while others, quite as positive, claim that shallow plowing is much the best. My experience and observation in plowing is that some soils will admit of deeper plowing than others. For instance, light, sandy soils will admit of deeper plowing than stiff clay soils, or those that have heavy clay subsoils. Subsoiling for such lands perhaps is better than too deep plowing. I think that all soils are benefited by deep plowing occasionally; and I think deep plowing ought to be done always in the fall, so that the new soil can have the benefit and influence of the sun, air and frost to better fit it for a crop. We should be a little careful about turning up too much of the new soil at a time, for some subsoils require certain elements to make them productive that can only be supplied by some system of manuring. I find by deep plowing in the fall, and then by a top dressing of fine manure, fits most any kind of soil well for a term of years, if followed by a judicious rotation of crops. If I draw manure to a piece of land in the fall, winter or spring and plow it under I generally plow a little shallow, so as not to get the manure too deep in the ground. If I am plowing for small grain in the fall I generally plow a good depth; if I am plowing for small grain in the spring I do not plow so deep. A farmer must study the nature of his land, and experiment a little and watch closely the results, and by that method he can soon learn what is best for his land. The soil differs very much sometimes in the same locality; seasons vary, droughts and heavy rains occur, cultivation and fertilizers—all have a powerful influence on the productiveness of the growing crop, as well as deep or shallow plowing. So we see that in drawing our conclusions it is not always the depth of plowing alone that produces our light or heavy crops. I think a crop of clover has a good influence on the lightening and loosening of some subsoils, and on stiff, heavy clay land it sometimes has a better effect than deep plowing. Clover, I think, is a good and cheap and very effective way of renovating old, heavy land.—Allen E. Smith, McHenry county, Ill., in Farmers' Review.

A Methodist clergyman, who had been assigned to a congregation that began to criticize his preaching, said that they only ridiculed themselves. "Because, friends, if I could preach well do you think I would have been sent out here to minister to a lot of lunkheaded ignoramus like you?"

It is an uncommon thing in England for a person to have two Christian names. One is all they can live under.

England's population increases about

HUMOR.

land league—three

night mail go by the bed

spoken of as a nobby thing

nonsense—A big dinner

prandial speeches.

the gods love the young. The

love spring chickens.

accused of being a chronic

What excuse have you got?"

"None, boss, 'ceptin' chronic poverty,"

replied the Austin colored vagrant.—

Terrell's Siftings.

"Are you certain of securing the

diadem?" asked the minister of the

dying man. And when the man said he

"didn't want to diadem bit," the minister

and the doctor flew, and as a natural

consequence, the man got better.—

Jewellers' Circular.

"I SHOULD so like to have a coin dated

the year of my birth," said a maiden

lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance.

"Do you think you could

get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he

replied, "those very old coins are only to

be found in valuable collections."

It is said that wire fences on farms

can be utilized for communication by

telephone between farm houses, so that

farmer's wives can visit with each other

without walking half a mile. Yes, but

they can't borrow tea and sugar while

they are visiting by telephone, so they

will never be a success.—Peck's Sun.

"I SEE," said old Mrs. Anchovy, "that

they are making railroad car wheels out

of paper. What do you suppose that's

for, Mrs. Birdseye?" "That, oh, I've

no doubt they are getting scared about

so many people being run over and cut

in two, and are trying to get out of

some kind of stuff that ain't so dangerous."

—Cheek.

LITTLE Freddie was undergoing the

disagreeable operation of having his hair

combed by his mother, and he grumbled

at the manœuvre. "Why, Freddie,"

said mamma, "you ought not to make

such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when

my hair is combed." "Yes," replied the

youngful party, "but your hair ain't

hitched to your head."

"I HARDLY think we shall remain more

than a week at Newport, as the Judge

is partial to mountain air." "The

Judge?" queried Mrs. Shursling; "I

was not aware, my dear madam, that

your husband had adorned the bench."

"Oh dear, yes!" snilingly chirruped

little Mrs. Seawit; "why, he's been three

times Judge of our town elections!"

It was a warm Sunday night and

some of the congregation in the little

church were slumbering languidly, ex-

cept one man who snored in a manner

not at all languid. The preacher, ob-

servant, this, left his notes and said to

one of the deacons in the front row:

"Will you please ask that brother to

stop snoring or he will keep other

brethren awake." The rest of the

sermon was listened to.—Chicago

Cheek.

"STRANGER, will you take a hand with

us at poker?" asked a couple of Austin

sports of a man recently arrived from

Galveston. "Thank you, gentlemen,

but there are seventeen reasons why I

cannot accommodate you." "What are

they?" "Well, first, I do not understand

the game." "Why, that's the principal

reason we want you to play," remarked

one of the sports, candidly, seeing

that as far as roping in that stranger,

the game was up.—Texas

Siftings.

An eccentric old gentleman who had

married his second wife, a hoydenish

young creature, entertained a party of

gentlemen one afternoon, and was much

chagrined by the non-appearance of his

girl's spouse. Upon inquiring he as-

certainly that she was in the garden,

and thereupon invited his guests out to

be introduced to her. As they rose to

accept the invitation, his son, a lad of

14, exclaimed: "Don't do it, dad!"

"Why not?" he asked, angrily. "Be-

cause," returned the boy half apologet-

ically, "she's up a cherry tree."—

Brooklyn Eagle.

"THAT'S all infernal nonsense!" re-

plied the old man from Connecticut, as

the other asked him if wooden nutmegs

were ever really sold in that State.

"I've lived there risin' of seventy-five

years, and I never saw such a thing in

all my life." "But there are stories to

that effect." "I don't kee for no stories.

All there is to the huii business is the

fact that some of our folks were so

hurried for time that they couldn't

wait for hams to grow, and made 'em

out o' wood." "They did, eh?" "I ac-

knowledge they did, but the Lord never

laid it up agin old Connecticut—never.

All them 'ere hams went to the heathen

in Boston."—Wall Street News.

The following is furnished by a teacher

in one of the New York City schools as

the first contribution to literature of one

of her pupils, a boy 12 years old:

The cow is a domestic animal it is

found in almost all parts of the world.

It is a very useful animal. If we had no

milk we could not eat our breakfast and

supper tea and coffee. The rinkel's in a

cow's horn tells you in what year they

had a calf. When a calf is about two

years old they call him a heffer. The

horn of a cow is useful for making

powder flask's in olden times they made a

lamp out of the milk in England [England]

the people in olden times scalded

[scalded] them to flatten them and used

them to prevent the dirt and wind from

blowing out their lights and two pre-

sents the snow and rain from coming in.

The little is used for making leather

the cow's milk is used for making

butter, buttermilk and cheese. Some

people said that the Moon was maid

of green cheese but that could be be-

cause cow's were not thought of then

they do not milk a cow by the horn's but

by there milk bag's. This is all I know

about cow's and cow's horns.

BOB WHITNEY does not lay any

weight on the removal of forests as a

cause of the dryness and desolation of

former fertile and populous regions of

the earth. He admits that the greater

proportion of land to water in late ge-

ological eras may have a little to be

attributed to the diminished precipitation

mainly to a lowering of the intensity of solar

radiation during geological time.

PARROT offered one man can set up a

job in a second which will require the

labor of two men two hours to undo.

For instance, a California man put a

billiard ball in his mouth without a

particle of trouble; but it took two

physicians two hours to get it out.

BROWN— "Well, I always make it

a rule to tell my wife everything that

happens." Smithings— "Oh, my dear

fellow, that's nothing. I tell my wife

lots of things that never happened at

all."