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THE SUMMER PROBLEM.

Where shall we go this summer? where shall we while away The brief and too fleeting hour—the sweet vacation day? In mountain lands or sea shore, on farm or hotel stay? Where shall we go this summer's the problem of to-day.

ACCORDIN' TO HOYLE.

BY A. H. LEWIS.

Y ES," said the old cattleman, as he munched a meditative clove, "there ain't much paw and below, head-down-an'-tall-up business to a cow-boy. Speakin' general an' not knowin' for them influences which disturbs none, he's as passive as a fried fish.

"So I goes along; Bill a-warblin' 'The Dyin' Ranger' in several keys. "The senoras and senoritas a-hearin' of the row would look out an' smile, an' Bill would wave his big hat an' whoop from rapture. If it were to mix him into trouble for a pow-wow—which he does frequent, bein' a mighty amiable man that away—he gives a squawk immediate an' shuts the door. Well, Bill goes on then. Maybe he gives the door a kick or two, informin' 'em of his discontent, but that's all into trouble for a pow-wow, provin' up one of them spacious alleys a Mexican thinks is a street, we comes up on a I-talian with an organ which he is grindin'.

"So Bill puts up a small dance, like a Navajo, accompanin' of himself with whoops. But the dago can't play Bill's music, so the ball comes to a halt.

"Whatever is the matter with this yer tune box, anyhow?" says Bill. "Gimme the music for a green corn dance, an' don't make no delay."

"This yer man can't play no green corn dance," I says. "He can't, can't he?" says Bill, mighty scornful. "Wait till he tries. I know this man of yore. I meets him two years ago in Druce's, an' me an' him has quite a time."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Thackeray adored the memory of his mother. He said: "Mother is the name of God on the lips of little children."

Cortez always carried in his bosom a little prayer book, which he religiously read from beginning to end every month.

At the annual meeting of the New England Women's club Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was the principal speaker, said: "Once it was the eccentric woman who belonged to a club, now it is the eccentric woman who does not belong to a club."

Miss Margaret Smith has just died at Fernside, Indiana. Her father, Dr. Neil Smith, then a surgeon's mate in the royal navy, attended to Lord Nelson on board the Victory at Trafalgar, when the great admiral was mortally wounded.

Gustav Freytag, the famous German author, who died a few weeks ago, left a fortune estimated at 1,000,000 marks, about \$550,000, in addition to his real estate in Wiesbaden and Gotha. He wrote his will himself. His library contains many rare books and manuscripts.

Herbert Spencer, who was one of the three men outside of Germany who were recently appointed by Emperor William knights of the Order of Merit, has declined the proffered honor on the ground that his opinions, repeatedly expressed in his writings, debar him from accepting it.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) clergyman recently preached a sermon in which he thanked God that there had been frost enough to destroy the apple-blossoms in that section, and trusted that it would destroy every apple-blossom throughout the length and breadth of the land.

One of the first women lighthouse keepers in this country was Kathaleen Andre Moore, a descendant of Maj. Andre She had charge of the lighthouse at Black rock, on the coast of Massachusetts, and tended the lamps there for more than fifty years, as her father had done before her. In later years her only companions in her lonely vigil were two large Newfoundland dogs and a pet lamb. Her library in the lighthouse contained some of the best books of the day.

Julia Ward Howe tells two anecdotes illustrating the shyness of Hawthorne and Irving. She says Irving attempted to make a speech at a dinner given to Charles Dickens, but after mumbling a few words indistinctly he remarked, "I can't go on," and sat down.

He longest to follow in the footsteps of Alexander the Great. Bonaparte was a child of the Mediterranean. The light of its sparkling waters was ever in his eyes, and the fascination of its ancient civilizations was never absent from his dreams of glory.

It is perfectly comprehensible that throughout his early manhood his mind should have occasionally reverted to the same ideals. The great conqueror of Italy and Austria might hope to realize them. Was he not master of the two great maritime commonwealths which had once shared all eastern trade between them?

OUT OF THE RUT.

The Strange but Successful Departure of a Southern Planter. A young farmer in the southwest, having come into possession of a small plantation through the death of his father, determined to introduce some radical changes.

He decided to abandon cotton-planting, and to raise strawberries and other fruit on a large scale, and, so far as possible, to make a living from his farm by producing his own food supplies.

All his neighbors remonstrated with him. A southern planter, they said, who did not raise cotton, but who devoted his energies to small fruit and "truckin'," would be of no account socially, while inviting financial ruin.

The young farmer was warned that in breaking away from the customs and traditions of the cotton belt he was lowering his dignity and degrading himself to the level of "the poor white trash."

One critic was even more outspoken. He was the father of the young woman whom the young farmer had been courting, and who was engaged to him.

"You are acting like a lunatic!" growled this veteran. "What can you with that kind of crop like cotton? Where can you find a market for your strawberries? You are as mad as a March hare!"

"The finest varieties of berries will grow here to perfection. I can make arrangements to send them by rail north, where I shall be ahead of the season, and also south for the latest varieties when the home crop is exhausted. As for cotton, it is impoverishing the planters here, as you well know. Why should I raise cotton without profit for the sake of what you call social prestige?"

"Well, sir," was the angry reply, "if you are bent on going on with your crazy schemes, you shall not drag down my daughter with you. She is a cotton planter's daughter, and shall not be a truck farmer's wife."

As the daughter sided with the father, the engagement was broken off. The young man, undaunted by the disapproval of his neighbors, carried out his plans with resolute determination. The experiment was successful.

He was obliged to be patient as well as determined, and the result was that he was soon obliged to double his acreage in strawberries. The introduction of raspberries as a crop to follow the strawberries, the result has been that he found his profits warranted the purchase of another farm, and the enlargement of his fruit business.

Meanwhile the planters around him were many of them impoverished by low prices for cotton. The veteran who had called him a lunatic was reduced to such straits that one or two of his children went into the fruit-farmer's fields to pick strawberries in their season for the wages they might receive. Everyone now is convinced that there was method in the young planter's madness. —Youth's Companion.

HUMOROUS.

Honest Confession.—Admirer—"What kind of a pen do you use?" Author—"Steel mostly, though I never have been accused of plagiarism."

What is the new boarder's business, Pauline? asked the landlady. "He is running a bicycle school," replied the waiter girl. "Oh! Teaching the young idea how to scoot, is he?"

The following case of absence of mind is reported: An old lady, after stirring the fire with her knitting-needle, took up the poker to knit with, and did not find out her error till she began to scratch her head with it.

Tommy Figg—"My sister's sweetheart kicked my dog yesterday, but I got even with him; you bet." Johnny Briggs—"How?" Tommy Figg—"I mixed mine with hot face powder. Won't she taste bitter?"—Frank Harrison's Magazine.

She'd Go Farther.—Miss Youngun—"The regents of the state university have abolished the degree of bachelor of letters." Miss Oldun—"I am so pleased to hear it; if I had my way I would abolish bachelors entirely."

Little Willowdean, walking with her mother, stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said: "What's the matter, daughter?" "Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly replied. "It's the ground is too thick in places."—N. Y. Advertiser.

There was a viracious smile on her face which was most winsome. "Oh, dear me," she murmured happily, "I've just gotten such a bargain!" "How, dear?" inquired her friend. "I sent a telegram, only a quarter for ten words, and at least six of them were words of more than three syllables!"—Washington Star.

Fooling the Blind.—"Why will you insist upon writing such one-sided political articles? Why, according to your writings, every member of your party, without exception, is an angel of light, and every man in the other party a jet of fire!" "That kind of talk can fool nobody but blind partisans." "Blind partisans are the only men I write for."—Boston Transcript.

"Judge," said the prisoner, solemnly, "ye don't mean it!" "Of course I mean it," was the response. "Not ten dollars a year for talkin' on the street corner last night?" "That's it. You were charged with being loud and boisterous." "Ten dollars—an' jes' fur talkin'." Well, judge, I'll work it out. But you have destroyed a patriot. You have driven the iron of cruel reality into a poor Jew's heart; the Jew's wrapped up in idiotic worship of the golden calf of Liberty. Freedom of speech is the bulwark of our country, an' when speech gets ter costin' ten dollars a crack, judge, I pass out. I'm an anarchist from now on."—Washington Star.

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