WHY I LEFT THE FARM.

You've been a good boy, Jim, good as kin be;
There's that speckled calf—do you see him?
Well, he's a Christmas gift for you, Jim.
He's not been doin' well this fall;
He's got so he won't come when I call—
But you may have him for a Christmas gift;
Go fetch him in 'fore he goes on the lift."
Well, I took that calf and brought him in;
Though he was little but bones and skin,
I shelled him corn, and warmed him milk,
And by spring I had him as fine as silk.
I turned him out in the spring to grass,
And he'd always come when he'd see me pass.
I rubbed him and loved him, and he loved me;
Why the way he showed it anybody could see.
He'd do anything I'd tell him to;
He'd gee and haw—anything a calf could do.
And he grew—well you never saw the beat;
Why he got too fat to stand on his feet;
Of course he was mine—they all knew that;
Mother said that was why he got so fat,
The neighbors knew it, and asked me: "Jim
What are you going to do with him?"
I didn't know, I loved him so;
I thought 'd kill me to see him go
To be killed for beef. But I didn't say
A word about it. At last one day
When I had been workin' a sawin' logs,
And shuckin' corn for the fatnin' hogs,
When I came home and went to see
My big fat steer, where could he be?
His stall was empty, dear, oh dear!
What has become of my big fat steer?
Says father a smilin'—I can see him yet,
That smile 'o his'n I can never forget;
Well, Jimmie, if it will be any relief,
An' put a stop to your foolish grief,
I sold him to-day for a Christmas beef;
Ha! ha! You know he was a Christmas gift,
And I tell you he gave me a right smart lift
On that piece 'o land just over the way
That you know I bought last Christmas day.
I've spent the money I got for him,
But I'll give you a calf in the morning, Jim."
That was all he said. I went to bed,
But not to sleep, for through my head
Ran thoughts of how he had treated me,
And nothing better ahead could I see.
I rolled and tumbled the most of the night,
Got up, left home before it was light,
My heart was broke, which was worse than your arm
And that is the reason I left the farm.

—Drainage Journal.

I ALWAYS had a great horror of snakes," said Lieut. Marsden, of the —th Bengal native infantry, leaning back in his deck-chair with the air of a man who had a long story before him; "and so you may think what a time I had when I first came out to Bengal, where they're as thick as pease in the wet season. I haven't forgotten yet what a scare I got one morning, when I found a big fellow snugly coiled up right under my bath, just as I was going to step into it; and however carefully my servants might have overhauled my bed, I never turned in without going through the whole business myself all over again, for fear of finding a snake curled up between the sheets or under the pillow.

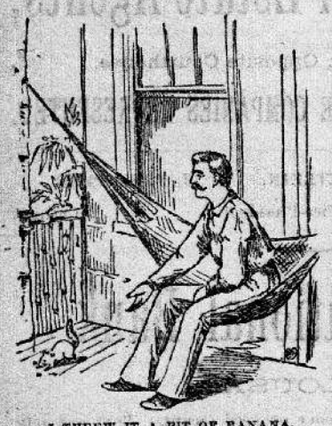
"I got so nervous about it at last that, as if it wasn't enough to light upon a *real* snake at every corner, I began to imagine them even where there weren't any at all. One morning, waking earlier than usual, I thought I saw a small green one crawling over the chair on which I had laid my clothes; and, after all, it turned out to be nothing more than the green book-marker of my diary hanging out of my coat pocket.

"Another time a facetious chum of mine amused himself by putting an india-rubber tube into one of my boots, and I—of course taking it for a snake—nearly stamped out the boot sole in trying to crush it, to the great delight of the other fellows. In short, so long as my snake fever lasted I was a regular nuisance to myself and everyone about me.

"After awhile, however, I began to get over it and not to bother my head about these 'indigenous creepers' at all; but I wasn't to get off without a genuine snake adventure, and a pretty exciting one, too, as you shall hear.

"One sultry afternoon I was lying in my hammock in the veranda, eating fruit and biscuits (for it was too hot to do anything else), when all at once I saw a little, sharp-nosed, bright-eyed creature covered with smooth hair—like a sort of cross between a bandicoot rat and a squirrel—come creeping along the floor.

"I threw it a bit of banana, and at first it seemed startled and made as if to would run away; but presently it turned back again and snapped up the



I THREW IT A BIT OF BANANA.

fruit, which it seemed to approve of highly. I gave it another bit, and then a piece of biscuit, and by degrees it began to get more familiar and appeared quite inclined to make friends. But just then one of my men came running across the courtyard and the sound of his footsteps scared it away.

"The next day, however, it came back again; and by this time it seemed to have quite got over its first shyness, and took readily enough whatever I gave it. After we had been on visiting terms for two or three days, 'Tommy' (as I had named my four-footed chum) got to be so friendly that he would climb up on to my hammock or chair, and let me stroke him and hold him in my hand, just as if he'd been a kitten. I got to be quite fond of him at last.

"Just about that time I managed somehow or other to catch a low fever, which, though it wasn't what you'd call dangerous, left me as weak as water. In fact, for three or four days I couldn't even raise myself in bed without help.

"Well, one day—it'll be long enough before I forget it—I had sent away the native boy who used to sit beside me, telling him I was going to have a nap. It was the very hottest time of the day, and every one was either smoking, lounging, or fast asleep and it wasn't long before I fell asleep too.

"How long I slept I have no idea; but when I awoke it was still so hot and I was so drowsy, that I was just going to doze off again, when I caught sight of something that woke me up in good earnest.

"Creeping into the room from the veranda, coil after coil, was a huge 'hooded cobra,' the deadliest snake in all India, more than seven feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. It was evidently meaning to attack me; and there I lay, too weak to lift my hand, all alone, and with no one anywhere within hearing.

"For a moment I was fairly dumb with horror; and then, although I knew it was no use, I instinctively called for help; but my voice was so weak that it couldn't even have been heard in the next room.

"On came the snake, rearing up its horrid spotted head angrily, and blowing out its hood, as it always does when it means mischief. It had already got to the foot of the bed, and was just preparing to crawl up, when I heard a skirr of tiny feet across the floor, and I saw my squirrel-rat friend, little Tommy.

"The brave little fellow never hesitated for a moment, but went right at the cobra like a tiger, and gave it a bite that drew blood like the cut of a knife.

"For a moment the snake drew back, and a quiver went all through it, which showed that it was hard hit; but it pulled itself together at once, threw back its head viciously, and struck at poor Tommy with all its force. But Tommy dodged the stroke cleverly, and fastening on the cobra tooth and nail, gave him a second bite worse than the first, wounding him so severely that he was evidently weakened, and began to show signs of giving way.

"From the bed where I lay I could see the whole battle quite plainly; and you may think how trying it was for me to have to lie there helplessly while a duel was being fought out upon which my life depended.

"But it didn't take me long to find out how the fight was going to end, for the cobra had the worst of it from the very beginning. Do what he might, let him try as hard as he pleased to strike his enemy or to coil round him, the snake might as well have tried to hurt a shadow. Brave little Tommy

TOMMY WENT AT THE COBRA LIKE A TIGER.

escaped him every time, and repaid each new attack with a fresh bite, making old scaly-back twist and wriggle like a speared eel.

"At last the cobra, in its writhing and flopping about, knocked over a small table with a lot of glasses on it, which came down with a crash that might have woke up a country policeman on duty. The next moment there was a shout and a scurry outside, and my chum, Harry Templeton, came bursting headlong into the room, just as the valiant Tommy got hold of the snake by the throat and fairly bit its head off.

"'Hollo!' cried Harry; 'what on earth has been going on here? Why, my poor old fellow! to think of your being left to face that horrid brute all alone, and you not able to stir, too! If I'd only known I would have been in to help you like a shot. Well, thank God! it is all right now. But where on earth did you pick up that mongoose?'

"'*What* sort of a goose do you call him?' asked I, in surprise. 'I never knew before that a *goose* had four feet!'

"'Pooh!' said Harry; 'you're not going to pretend that you don't know what a mongoose is! Why, man, they're the greatest serpent-killers alive; and if it hadn't been for that one, you'd have been as dead as a door nail by this time. I only wish we had a dozen more of 'em here in the cantonment, to clear off these confounded snakes!'

"Thus it was that I found out that my little friend Tommy was a specimen of the snake-killing mongoose of India, and that my friendship with him had actually saved my life. You may be sure that I made a greater pet of him than ever after that."—David Ker, in Harper's Young People.

The Intelligent Agent.

An insurance agent was trying to induce a hard man to deal with to take out a policy on his house. After listening to him for an hour, while he painted in vivid colors the extreme danger of fire consuming the house, the hard man to deal with said:

"Do you really think it likely that my house will burn down inside the time that the policy will run?"

"Certainly," replied the insurance agent, "have I not been trying all this time to convince you that I do?"

"Then," said the hard man to deal with, "why is your company so anxious to bet me money that it will not?"

The agent was silent and thoughtful for a moment; then he drew the other apart into an unfrequented place and whispered in his ear:

"My friend, I will impart to you a dark secret. Years ago the company betrayed my sweetheart by promise of marriage. Under an assumed name I have wormed myself into its service for revenge, and as there is a heaven above us, I will have its heart's blood."—Chicago News.

—In a recent London book sale was a copy of Tennyson's "Maud" containing "The Charge of the Light Brigade," with the following autograph letter of 1875 from the poet inserted: "I cannot attend your banquet, but I inclose five pounds to defray some of its expenses, or to be distributed, as you may think fit, among the most indigent of the survivors of that glorious charge (at Balaklava); a blunder it may have been, but one for which England should be grateful, having learned thereby that her soldiers are the bravest and most obedient under the sun."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Few Suggestions Thrown Out by the Editor.

One of the funniest things that ever occurred in this town was pulled off in good shape Tuesday afternoon. Monday we got a keg of red ink from Chicago, being the first thing of the sort ever seen in this part of Arizona. Our esteemed contemporary down the street has had a great many things to bear from us, and the red ink was the last straw. He sent us word that he intended to shoot us on sight, but we'd forgotten about it when we started for the post office at three o'clock. As we passed Santa Fe alley we heard a pistol go off, followed by several successive reports, but as there was nothing unusual in a fusillade of that sort we kept on. It was not until we had entered the post office that Col. Irwin came running in to inform us that we had been shot at.

It seems that our esteemed contemporary ambushed us at the alley and fired his first shot. Then he followed on and plugged away five times more without our suspecting it, and finding he could not accomplish anything he sat down on a barrel and cried like a boy. When we understood the case we went back and offered to stand against the wall and let him pop away for half a day, but he went off in a petulant spirit without even thanking us. Poor old daddy!

We understand that Maj. Jones is making it his business to circulate reports around town and tell everybody that we have decided not to run for mayor, even if the nomination were offered us by acclamation. In telling this the major lies, and he knows he lies! No one has authorized him to make any such statements, and he is actuated only by the basest motives. We not only want the nomination but we want to be elected, and we shall work tooth and toenail together.

A word with you, major: "If, after your attention has been called to this notice, you persist in your malicious conduct, we shall take it as a personal insult. That is, we shall strap on our gun and meander around town, and as we meander we shall look for you. If you get the drop on us we shan't kick, but if you don't you'd better have instructions already written out as to where you want to be buried.

There are over two hundred subscribers on our books who are owing us for two years' subscription. Most of these are eastern people, who have been accustomed to paying for their paper about once in fifty years. It will probably astonish them to know that we run things on a different basis out here. We don't want to be too sudden with them, and therefore announce that this notice is only preparatory. During the next thirty days the delinquents can settle up with hay, oats, corn, live stock, barbed wire, hides, pelts, whisky, tobacco or most any thing else. After that we shall mount our mule and look up the rest of them and we shall decline to be held responsible for results.

We understand that Col. Childers is making a great blow around town about the little affair of last Saturday and that he has induced some of our best citizens to believe that we attempted to assassinate him. While we have lived here too long for any solid business man to believe any such thing of us, an explanation is perhaps due to all parties.

The colonel's wife is a poetess. That is, she has copied poetry from standard poets and brought it to us as original, and it has been published as such in the Kicker. On several occasions we have suspected that all was not right, but we are kind-hearted and willing to give a poetess a show. Saturday morning she brought in a poem entitled "The Old Oaken Bucket." We thought we'd heard of it somewhere, but she assured us that it was strictly original. She hadn't been gone half an hour when our literary editor, who also thought he'd heard of such a poem, found that our suspicions were correct. The poetess had stole the whole thing.

The colonel happened to be passing by and we called him in and broke the news as gently as possible. He flew mad in a moment and attempted to draw on us. It turned out, however, that he had left his gun at home, and we held him up against the wall and slit his right ear and let him go. This is a plain and honest statement of all the facts, and we challenge denial.—M Quad, in N. Y. World.

UNBORN INVENTIONS.

If You Wish To Make Money and Fame Here's a Chance.

Here is a memorandum of a number of the unborn inventions. Any one found getting away with one of these ideas will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law:

Something that will crawl around on the floor after pins.

An indicator that will tell who is ringing the door bell.

A piano that is dumb after midnight.

An interpreter for the baby.

A cook who knows just what you want for dinner.

A changeable bonnet.

A name plate to be universally worn, so that there will be no more trouble about remembering people's names.

A trunk that is never full.

A butter crock that is never empty.

Something that will counteract the effect of gravity so that the enterprising keeper of the lodging house can set up beds on all four of the walls and the ceiling.

An arrangement for the table, name not yet decided upon, consisting of a miniature electric railroad running around on the table, on which the dishes travel. Everything gets around to everybody once in so often, and no one has to hand the vinegar, or pass the bread or dish the potatoes. This is to be arranged so that boarding-house keepers can run it like lightning.

Clothes made without cloth, stitches pins or buttons.

Iron shoes.

A newspaper that will read aloud.

An inland seashore.

A cheerful spirit made adjustable.—Toledo Blade.

Dropped a Stitch.

"The accident, madam," said the young surgeon, encouragingly, as he made his preparations to sew up the wound in the lip the infant had received by falling down a stairway, "will leave a scar, of course, but twenty years from now, when the little fellow has grown to be a man and raised a mustache, it won't show a bit."

"It isn't a baby of that kind, doctor," replied the anxious but entirely self-possessed mother.—Chicago Tribune.

HUMOROUS.

—Tommy (yawning)—"A river must have a good time." Dick—"Why?" Tommy—"Because it doesn't have to get out of its bed."—Lowell Citizen.

—As they stood on the beach where the wavelets play
She laid her head on his satin vest
And lifted her lips in a pouting way
And—he did the rest.
—Cape Cod Item.

—Hungry Higgins—"O, I had sich a dream las' night! I thought I was fuller'n a biled owl." Weary Watkins—"Ah, it's you that always was the lucky duck!"—Indianapolis Journal.

—The city man who can not tell rye from oats is usually the man who can tell you best how to make money off a farm. At any rate, such a man could never make a living on one.—Somerville Journal.

—"Pa," said little Georgie Thikhed, "what is a meteorologist?" and old Thikhed thoughtfully replied: "Why, my boy, haven't you seen the man with a lantern who comes to look at the gas meter now and then? Well, he is a meteorologist."—Boston Bulletin.

—"The Way to a Man's (and a Girl's) heart, etc."—"Do you remember that lovely gorge at Flowery Dell?" asked Griffin of one of the girls he had met at the picnic. "Rather!" was the reply. "It was the first square meal I'd had for a week."—Drakes Magazine.

—Reporter—"I have been assigned to interview a number of noted men on the subject of books which have most influenced them." Great Author—"I understand." "My question is this: What book has been to you the greatest stimulus to mental activity?" "An empty pocket-book."—Omaha World.

—Accounted For—Moodles—"I say, Bangle, that's a pretty rocky suit of clothes you have on." Bangle—"It cost me seventy-five dollars." Moodles—"When it was new?" Bangle—"No; just as it is." Moodles—"How on earth did that happen?" Bangle—"I didn't pay for it until I had had it eighteen months."—N. Y. Sun.

—Small Boy—"What'll I do with this money bank?" Mamma—"Put it away, of course. It has a dollar in it that your aunt gave you and some change your papa and I put in." "Not now. There isn't any money in it now. I spent it." "Spent it? What did you do that for?" "Why, the minister preached so hard against hoardin' up riches that I got converted and spent what I had."

—Mr. Spurgeon is said to have used the following illustration in a good missionary sermon. It was about a poacher. Said the owner of the land: "You must not fish here." "I am not fishing," was the cool reply. "Why, you have got a rod and line," added the indignant landlord. "I know I have," answered the poacher; "but I am merely trying to drown a worm."—Christian.

A Genuine Harvest Excursion

Will be run from Chicago, Milwaukee and other points on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, to points in Western Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana, at cheap excursion rates, September 29, 1891. For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—It will do your heart good to see the magnificent crops in South Dakota. They are simply immense.

"I GET your views," said the sheriff as he proceeded to seize the photographer's stock in trade.—Buffalo Enquirer.

WHEN you see a rattlesnake with ten rattles and a button, you touch the button and the snake will do the rest.—Topeka Journal.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

"THAT breaks the long, hot spell," said the printer when he pied the weather bulletin.—Washington Star.

"THIS is a regular skin game," remarked the banana peel to the sprawling pedestrian.—Binghamton Republican.

"Oh, That Day Would Come!"

Is the prayer of many a sleepless invalid who tosses the night out upon a couch whose comfort might well induce slumber. The finest inductive of health-yielding, refreshing sleep is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, since it invigorates the nerves, allays their super-sensitiveness, and renovates failing digestion. It is incomparable also in malaria, constipation, rheumatism, neuralgia, liver and kidney complaint.

THE person who is chased by a bear has proof positive that trouble is a brewin'.—Lowell Courier.

INVALIDS, aged people, nursing mothers, overworked, wearied out fathers, will find the happiest results from a judicious use of Dr. Sherman's Prickly Ash Bitters. Where the liver or kidneys are affected, prompt action is necessary to change the tide toward health, ere the disease becomes chronic—possibly incurable, and there is nothing better to be found in the whole range of materia medica. Sold everywhere.

"MY pet, I want a quick lunch to-day." "Very well, dearest; I'll give you a hasty pudding."—Baltimore American.

NO THOROUGHFARE—Twenty-third street.—Mail and Express.

TRAVEL in a cab—Locomotive engineers.—Mail and Express.

"SPORT of the waves"—The yachtsman.—Puck.

TRUE to the last—A well-made shoe.

BE content with your lot, especially if it's a lot of money.

A GIRL who gives up chewing gum shows she has gum-sense.

THE man with the new gold watch seldom knows what time it is.—Texas Siftings.

THERE is nothing of which man is so afraid as much as he is of the truth.—Ram's Horn.

"THERE is always room at the top," buzzed the fly as he sat down on a bald head.

IT is the counterfeit bill that gets the passing glance.—Westfield Standard.

SOME of our race are leaders of men; others are followers of women.—Peck's Sun.

MORE men would be rich if they were not afraid to trust their wives with the care of their money.—Ram's Horn.

"TAKE a 'ball' with me, won't you?" as the duellist remarked to his antagonist.—Boston Courier.

THEY are using molasses for fuel down in Louisiana. It is eagerly licked by the flames.—Boston Herald.

A FLATTERER.—Belle—"This mirror is simply perfect." Bess—"Ah, I see. It flatters you."—Yankee Blade.

IT is a very easy matter for a person to be in two places at the same time, even though those places be thousands of miles apart. One frequently hears of a man being in a strange country and home, sick.—Texas Siftings.