

WE'LL KEEP THE LITTLE FARM.

Well, Jane, I guess we'll keep the place. We've lived here, you and I, upon this little farm so long, let's stay here till we die. You know I thought I'd sell it once, to Jones, or Deacon Brown, and take the money we had saved and buy a house in town. But when the birds begin to swell, and grass begins to grow, somehow it doesn't seem to me I ought to let it go.

I love the crimson clover, and the fields of waving corn; the quiet, balmy evening, and the fragrant, dewy morn; the pink and snowy blossoms hanging on the apple-trees; the chirping of the crickets, and the humming of the bees. I love the summer's honey breath, the blushing buds of May;

the teeming autumn, rich with fruit, the scent of new-mown hay; the noisy babble of the brook, and laughter of the rill; the lowing herds upon the heath, and flocks upon the hill, and when I think of leaving all, it fills me with alarm; so, after all, I guess it's best to keep the little farm.

—Young People's Weekly.

HELPING THE HARRIGANS

Mrs. Brownlee came into her husband's office with a tragic sweep of her stylish purple skirts. "What do you think?" she said. "The Harrigans have been dispossessed."

"The Harrigans?" echoed Brownlee. "Who are the Harrigans?" "Why, don't you remember?" she asked, reproachfully. "Every member of the Help Your Neighbor Club has a poor family to look out for during the winter months. The Harrigans belong to me. They are in terrible straits. Their things are all on the sidewalk at this very minute, and I've got to get them moved before night. That is what I came to see you about. I have engaged rooms for them and have paid a deposit of \$2. What I want you to do is to hire an expressman, go down to the Harrigans' old rooms, pick their furniture up off the sidewalk, and haul it up to the new place and pay the rest of the month's rent, which is \$7. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Brownlee doubtfully, "but I am not quite sure of the propriety of the proceeding. I don't have to attend to the whole business myself, do I? Where will you be all that time?"

"Me!" said Mrs. Brownlee. "Oh, I have to go uptown to a club meeting. But you'll get along all right without me. Here are the addresses—No. 47, where the Harrigans are now; No. 514, where they are going."

Brownlee took the addresses, present and future, of the unfortunate Harrigans, and after starting his wife off uptown in a cab he went out to look for an expressman. Men of that calling were numerous in the neighborhood of the Harrigans, and after walking the distance of half a block from the car he found an unemployed owner of a horse and wagon who was willing, for an adequate consideration, to contribute the services of himself and outfit to the amelioration of the Harrigans' sorry condition.

It was a little past 3 o'clock when the expressman, with Brownlee jolting uncomfortably on the seat beside him, drove up to the tenement at No. 47 and stopped before a miscellaneous collection of household goods piled up on the sidewalk. Brownlee jumped down and lugubriously surveyed the furniture and a small boy curled up on one corner of a torn mattress. The small boy, finding himself the object of acute observation, assumed a defiant attitude.

"Hullo," he said. "Wha' chu want?"

"Now, see here, my son," he said, "you had better quiet down and learn to keep a civil tongue in your head. I've come here to do you and your family a favor. I'm going to do it, and I don't propose to be sassied by a young heathen like you while I'm about it, either. Driver, you may as well begin to pile the things into the wagon. It is getting late, and we have no time to lose."

The expressman seized one end of the mattress and Jim the other end. "You get out o' here," the boy said, "and let me alone. We don't want to move again, and we ain't going to move."

Brownlee caught the child's hands and held them in both his own.

"Here," he said, "is a quarter that you can spend on yourself if you'll dry up and listen. Now, do you understand what you are to do? You're to stay right here on this spot till your folks come; then you're to give them this paper. That will explain everything. When they have read that they will know what to do."

"Yes," he bellowed, "they'll know what to do, all right. They'll have you plucked, that's what they'll do."

The janitor of No. 514 was on the lookout for his new tenants, and when Brownlee and the expressman

arrived he stood on the sidewalk jingling the keys of the four "beautiful rooms."

"Are you the Harrigans?" he asked.

"No," said Brownlee, "we are not the Harrigans, but this is their stuff. Which way, please?"

The janitor braced himself in front of the door.

"You don't go any way," he said, "till I get \$7 more. The lady only paid me \$2."

Brownlee handed over the required amount, the janitor unlocked the door, and the expressman began to carry the furniture upstairs. His third trip up was made with astonishing celerity.

"Say," he said to Brownlee, "there is something wrong. That kid's down there with a man that looks like a Roosian and a policeman. You'd better look out."

Brownlee did look out, literally as well as figuratively, and met his pursuers on the stairs. Jim made a dive at Brownlee's legs.

"This is him," he shouted.

Brownlee made no attempt to free himself from the quivering fetters. Instead he turned to the boy's bearded parent and asked eagerly: "Are you Harrigan?"

"Harrigan?" thundered the man. "No, thank Heaven, I ain't. The Harrigans have caused me trouble enough to-day without you pillin' it on by accusin' me of bein' Harrigan himself. In the first place, them Harrigans moved away and took the keys belongin' to the rooms we had just rented, and we had to leave our stuff on the sidewalk and go chasin' all over town after 'em. Then, when we got back to No. 47, we found that somebody had come along and swiped all our things. Jim says you took it. He says you left this note for me to read. What does it mean, anyhow?"

"It means," said Brownlee—and then in the presence of a whole roomful of witnesses he told, to the best of his ability, what it did mean. "I thought, of course, that I was moving the Harrigans. My wife said—"

"That's so," put in the janitor. "She said the same thing to me. She said they'd be here, and I'm goin' to hold my month's rent whether they come or not. Nobody need ask me to refund the money, because I won't do it."

Brownlee sighed. Presently he appealed to the policeman.

"What do you want me to do now?" he asked.

"I guess," said the officer, "that there ain't but one thing for you to do. You'll have to put those things into a wagon and haul them back to No. 47. It'll cost you double, but it's the only way out."

It was after 6 o'clock when the wagon load of furniture, surrounded by a multitudinous bodyguard, of which Brownlee, the policeman, the expressman, the bearded parent and Jim formed the nucleus, again reached the spot where Brownlee's adventures had begun. It was 7 o'clock when Brownlee got home. Mrs. Brownlee lay on a couch in the parlor with her face turned toward the wall.

"Is that you, Harry?" she called out when she heard the front door open and close. "I'm glad you've come. Dinner is ready to serve, but you'll have to eat by yourself to-night. I am dead tired and have such a headache that I can't sit up. We had a terrible time at the club. All the women were as mean and cranky as could be. They said the nastiest things. And then there were the Harrigans. They disappointed me awfully. But it wasn't their fault. They got rooms for themselves with Mrs. Harrigan's sisters, and didn't need the rooms I rented for them, after all. I wanted to let you know, but I couldn't get away from the club. I hope you didn't go to any trouble on their account."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Prefer Hotels to Homes.

Hotel life seems to have its attractiveness for the wealthy families of New York. Because of the shortness of the season many society folk have not opened their city homes during the winter months. These families are to be found scattered through the large, semi-private hotels which have multiplied within the couple of years, and which have been designed with a view to attracting the millionaire class of tenants. Hotel life, society women have begun to find out, affords an easy evasion of much entertaining. The average hostess nowadays seeks to avoid extra bother, and it is less of a tax on her time and patience to hold large receptions in one of the half-dozen hotels favored by society or in the Colonial Club. By keeping her town house closed this winter a well-known society woman remarked the other day that at a rough estimate that she had saved \$75,000 in four months. Besides this, she has not had to worry over the servant question and other matters so vexatious to women who entertain.—Correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Three hundred tons of tobacco are distributed annually among the sailors of the British navy. It is sold to them at cost.

"THE WORDS IN D."

A Curious Composition by Professor Skeat Involving That Letter.

Professor Skeat has apparently served as self-appointed laureate to that king of lexicographers, Dr. Murray. The Periodical once printed his lines "on beginning A." Notes and Queries now recalls two previous commemorative poems:

To Dr. Murray on Completing the Letter C.

Wherever the English speech is spread,

And the Union Jack flies free, The news will be gratefully, proudly read,

That you've conquered your A, B, C!

But I fear it will come As a shock to some

That the sad result will be That you're taking to dabble and dawdle and doze

To dour and dumps, and—worse than those—

To danger and drink, And shocking to think—

To words that begin with d—

The Words in D.

Those words in D! A dismal, dreary dose!

Here dilatory dandles daudling dobe, Dull dunces dog our steps and dreadful duns.

Dolours and dragons, donkeys, dolts and dupes,

Devils and demons, and "the dreaded name

Of Demogoron!" Dirks and daggers haunt,

Dank dandelions flourish, dampness daunts,

Depression and dejection drag us down.

Drear desolation dwells, and dire delay.

Disaster, disappointment, disarray, Defeat, disintegration and despair,

Disease, decay, delirium, darkness, death!

Yet through the darkest dens of dimmest doubt

Dogged determination drives its way, Dilemmas yield to diligence at last.

Deliberation dissipates dispute. Dismay is dashed with draughts of dear delight,

Deft, dainty dances, and delicious dreams!

The power to do one's duty still survives,

Still dawns the day, divine dominion rules.

They Can Almost Yodel.

Civilization does not invariably bring improvement in its train. Man, in his growing domination over the animal world, has forced a reputation on the pig and obliged it to live up to that reputation by imposing unsanitary conditions. The pig in its more natural state is a very different object from the dirty, wallowing swine of tradition. Mr. Howard P. Arnold, in "Gleanings from Pontresina," gives a picture of the self-respecting pig of that Alpine region.

Pigs are more numerous represented than any other domestic animal. They are popular because of the slight cost of support. The winter they spend in unobtrusive retirement, fed on a rank, coarse dock of which huge quantities are salted down during the summer.

In June all swine are sent up together to the high Alps for the season. Here they ramble in the sublimest scenery, consuming whey, and putting on what little fat their peculiar construction will permit.

Being no longer demoralized by the enfeebling seductions of man, and free to gratify his own tastes, which are dainty rather than otherwise, piggy is neat in person and select in diet. He shows very plainly that he does not choose to wallow in mud nor to eat garbage.

The pig of the Engadine is not as other pigs. Even in the fulness of growth he offers little resemblance to the bloated bondholder generally seen elsewhere. He is not shaped after such a model, nor does his hue of rusty chestnut recall the popular ideal. His legs are long, his body slender and his ribs apparent. He is picturesque rather than beautiful, and like Cassius, "hath a lean and hungry look."

There is nothing morbid about these pigs, however, and on their native heath their movements are nimble and sprightly. Their snouts turn up with a defiant air, and their pendent ears and crafty eyes are never off duty.

I have watched these frisky sybarites capering to and fro, hilarious in the sunshine, their queer little twisted glittering tails drawn out into elaborate dimorphoses. They never forget their sense of propriety, and do not die rending the sky with discordant protestations, but slip away with a subdued grace.

He Was Misled.

"I really believe you married me simply because I have money," said the heiress, who was as stingy as she was plain.

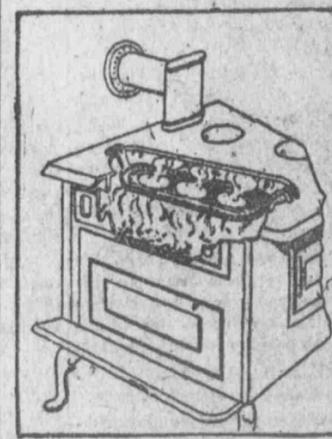
"No," replied her husband candidly. "I married you because I thought you'd let me have some of it."—Pick-Me-Up

STAR BALL PLAYER OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.



Smokeless Griddle.

A smokeless and odorless griddle and broiler, which has been lately patented, has advantages which will be readily recognized at a glance of the accompanying cut. The front plates of the stove being removed, the new griddle sets in and at the same time falls below the stove top. In



Odor Goes Up the Chimney.

this manner the heating surface is brought nearer to the fire, and all smoke, vapors and odors are carried up the chimney. The griddle is open at the top, but for the purposes of broiling it is desirable that a greater heat should be secured, and this is brought about by making a lid over the top. When the latter is lowered the meat being cooked gets the full benefit of the heat, but when it is raised every opportunity is offered for its examination.—Philadelphia Record.

A New Use For the Queue.



Chinese Pupil Drawing a Circle With His Pig-Tail For a Radius. —H. S. Elliott, in Leslie's Weekly.

Paint the Lowest Step.

Paint the lowest cellar step white if the cellar is dark. This plan may save a fall, and will do away with feeling for the last step when going downstairs.



DESIGNS FOR CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESSES.