

LINES TO THE LIVER.

Let poets rave, as poets will,
About the heart and soul,
And in some high-toned sonnet still
Their lofty worth extol.
I, who must walk in humble ways
And modest muses woo,
I write this simple song to praise
The liver good and true.

What's heart or soul to mortal man,
What's anything, alack!
To us poor bilious creatures when
The liver's out of whack?
While sentiment, I take it, is
All well enough and nice,
Yet when we come right down to "biz,"
The liver cuts the ice.

So, don't you to the spooney bards
For sentiment succumb,
For he who highest truth regards
Will keep his liver plumb.
He knows that heart and soul may bless
A mortal, in a way,
But, oh! they're both "N. G." unless
Your liver's all "O. K."



THE TULIP MAN

By MINERVA M. LINDEN.

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He was a tall, gaunt, white haired old man of seventy or more. He lived alone—just across the street, in an old fashioned frame building, covered with vines and creepers. In front was a little plot—a narrow strip of ground—where lilies of the valley grew in summer. Behind was a long garden filled in spring with rows and rows of blazing tulips.

I saw him first working with a little hoe among the bulbs with their long, green leaves. After that I saw him often. I would stop for a few moments on my way home in the evening and watch him while he went up and down the long rows.

He asked me to come in, one evening, and look at his tulips. I went; he showed me the different varieties, stepping among them with infinite care. Then we sat down on a little bench outside of the back door, where hop vines climbed up the side of the house, and he began the story of his life. What prompted him to tell it was my asking if he never tried to grow any flowers except tulips.

"Try, my man," he said, absently, then was silent for a while. A far-away look came into the faded eyes. He took his pipe from his mouth and knocked the ashes to the ground.

"You've never heard then? I thought everybody knew about my Kitty—Kitty and her tulips.

"It happened years ago—ah, me, so long ago; but it's as fresh to me as ever—my Kitty's simple white face and dark, pansy-eyes." His coat sleeve went across his eyes as if wiping away a tear.

"When I think of that morning when I left her to go away out west, I can always see the tulips, too. They were something like these, only—ah! such blood-red ones and such white ones, so pure and delicate. Kitty, with her white apron and white linen sun-bonnet, always reminded me of the white ones.

"She lived out in the country. The house stood back from the road and you had to go down a long lane past the sheep pasture and the apple orchard to find it. I went to see her every day. She was all the world to

"I thought of her always. I wrote to her every mail for more than two years, but then I stopped writing, for there had come no answers to my letters for a long, long time—nearly a year. I thought something had happened to my letters—that they never reached her. It was such an out of the way sort of place, where I was. But there was money there if I would only stick to it, and I did for two years longer, and then I went home—home to my Kitty that I knew was waiting for me.

"The little station was only a short way from the house—about half a



"There she sat at the supper table." mile. So I walked. I say walked, but it was more like a run. I shaded my eyes at the head of the lane and looked down, thinking I might see her outside, somewhere—feeding the chickens, maybe, or sitting on the stoop. But I saw nothing of her.

"To the left in the barnyard an old man was milking a little black cow. I passed on up the path to the front door. I knocked; but everything was quiet. The place where the tulips grew was a wilderness of weeds.

"Kitty! Kitty!" I called; "Kitty, my girl, where are you?" I opened the door and went in. It was only a bare, smoke scented room, with a table in the center, covered with dirty dishes and newspapers.

"The old man came up the path with a pail of milk in his hand. It was old Ben. He had worked on the place as long as I could remember. I met him now on the threshold.

"Hello, Jim, hello," says he; 'back at last—why, hello, hello. A welcome to ye.'

"Welcome? Welcome, with no Kitty; no sweetheart to claim my own; no trace of the old times, nothing, nothing—only an old man?"

"We sat down on the doorstep and he told me all about it—about Kitty, her troubles with Joe Morgans and how she finally had to marry him.

"Her father and mother were both dead.

"Only Kitty left—only Ben to take care of the place. No wonder my head went around. I couldn't listen. I had to go away. I was nearly crazy—crazy to see Kitty.

"I struck off over the green fields; went over the rail fence at a leap, pushed through the milk-weed and wild gooseberry bushes. There stood the house! A window was open and I could look through it into the kitchen. I leaned against a big cherry tree and looked. There she sat at the supper table—the same white face—the same dark eyes—the same Kitty I had worked and grubbed for through four long years.

"Joe Morgans sat at the head of the table. But I didn't look at him—my eyes were on Kitty.

"Well, I couldn't stay there—there was no use. Kitty looked contented; maybe she was. I waited till I saw her get up from the table and brush the crumbs from her lap, then I crept away and walked all night.

"After that my money went; I spent it; I gave it away—wasted it. Why, I had lots of it. Why not? But I lived longer than I expected, and the money went sooner than I expected. I drifted here and there, but when I came to this spot I settled down, and I've made up my mind to die here with my tulips. They make me think of her—Kitty in the old days, before anything happened, you know—Kitty with her white apron and white sun-bonnet—Kitty kneeling among her flowers, or leaning her little head on my big shoulder, saying she'd never like anybody but me.

The old man's chin sank on his breast, and he was silent for some time. The shadows of night had fallen. Lights were twinkling in the windows.

"It is a sad story," I said.

"Sad? Oh, yes, I suppose," he replied, rousing himself. "But I'm keeping you here listening, my man. It's growing late—time for an old man like me to go to bed; so good night. Come over in the morning and I'll pull you a bunch of tulips to take over home. Well, good night."

"Good night," I said, and left him.

It was a cold, bitter morning in winter. I paused at the gate on my way to the office and looked across the street at the frost starred windows of the old man's house and at the smokeless chimney. He was in the habit of rising early, and I stepped over to see if anything was the matter. There was no response to my rap, so I turned the knob and pushed open the door. A pervasive feeling of cold was in the air. A pile of pine shavings lay in readiness on the hearth.

I went over to the bed, standing in the corner by the stove, and there, with one big hand thrown out over the thick, red comforter, and the blue lips slightly parted, lay the old man. He had gone to wait for Kitty—to meet her, perhaps—who knows?

That day I visited the undertaker and searched the city greenhouses for his favorite flowers. At last I found some white ones, and the next afternoon we laid him away to rest, with a tulip on his breast.

HE SORTED THEM OUT.

Minister Was Satisfied the Knots Were Safely Tied.

A clergyman who has just returned from a trip to England tells a story he heard there of the marriages made on certain feast days, when no fee is charged and the young couples come in great numbers a long distance to take advantage of the custom.

The custom is not general, but local, being confined to certain rural places in the vicinity of Manchester and Oldham. "Upon one of those occasions," tells the clergyman, with a chuckle, "a delegation of fifty young people from Oldham and the surrounding country journeyed to Manchester, making a picturesque grouping at the Old English church of St. Mark's. Each one of the men carried a long staff or stick as the people there call a cane, and each of the young women brandished an umbrella, the use of which will be presently seen.

"After the ceremony of marrying the lot was concluded, and the crowd was going down the church aisle, one young woman hurried back and intercepted the rector as he was going to the vestry.

"I theenk, meenster," she panted, 'that you have morried me to the wrong felly.'

"Don't let that worry you," said the rector, who was in a hurry, "sort yourself as you go out, 'you're all married fast enough," and acting on his advice, they sorted out the right pairs.

"On their way back to Oldham they brought the things necessary to light housekeeping, stringing the lighter utensils on the sticks and umbrellas, poised on their shoulders."—Chicago Record Herald.

Johnny's Little Joke.

A small boy in Old Greenwich village who has a keen sense of humor happened to be roused very early on a recent morning. To his great astonishment he beheld the moon in the sky after sunrise.

"Mother, mother," said he, "I've got a great joke on the Lord."

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" said his mother, shocked.

"He forgot to pull the moon in," said Johnny.—New York Times.

The Spelling Bee.

The spellin' bee wuz started fine With Susy near the head, An' I was nex' to her in line, An' saw her cheeks so red.

I got through "phthisis," "extrophy," And "colicueur" all right; But lookin' in her eyes they both Got into "rhynchollite."

An' some way, then, I don't know how, Our hands began to jine, An' Susy spells her last name now The same way I do mine. —New York Sun.

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I saw him first working with a little hoe among the bulbs.

me. I loved her—loved her with all my heart, and we were to be married when I came back—back from the west, with a pockets full of money. I bent down and kissed her and said, 'Well, good bye, Kitty—good bye, my girl. Keep a light heart till I come back. Good bye.'

"But she put her head on my shoulder and cried, 'Oh, don't go, Jim—don't go,' she kept saying over and over to the last. That was on the morning before I went away, out among the tulips, all by ourselves.