

AN INVITATION.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

Come into the garden, sweet,
At dawn of day, at dawn of day;
For love has the key of the postern gate,
Make no delay! make no delay!

Here's beds of roses white and red,
Where softly shall you lie;
Here's a crown of yellow marigolds,
To deck your shining hair.

Here's meadow lawns and grassy plots,
Where dainty feet may stray;
Here's doves to coo, and birds to sing,
Love's tender roundelay.

Here's peaches from the southern wall,
O sweetheart, taste and try;
Here's arbutus green and trellises
To kiss, and no one by.

And all these things await you, love,
At dawn of day, at dawn of day;
For love has the key of the postern gate,
Make no delay! make no delay!

IDLE HANDS.

Mr. Thornton returned home at his usual midday hour, and as he passed by the parlor door, he saw his daughter, a young lady of 19, lounging on the sofa with a book in her hand. The whirl of his wife's sewing machine struck on his ear at the same moment. Without pausing at the parlor door, he went to the room from whence came the sound of industry.

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the entrance of her husband. She was bending close over her work, and the noise of her machine was louder than his footsteps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood looking at her for some time without speaking.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the tired woman, letting her foot rest upon the treadle, and straightening her back, "what a pain in my side is almost beyond endurance."

"Then why do you sit killing yourself there?" said Mr. Thornton.

Mr. Thornton's aspect was unusually sober.

"What's the matter? Why do you look so serious?" asked his wife.

"Has anything gone wrong?" Mrs. Thornton's countenance grew slightly troubled. Things had gone wrong in her husband's business more than once, and she had learned the occurrence of disaster.

"Things are wrong all the time," he replied, in some impatient manner.

"In your business?" Mrs. Thornton spoke a little faintly.

"No, nothing especially out of the way there, but it's wrong at home."

"I don't understand you, Harvey—what is wrong at home, pray?"

"Wrong for you to sit in pain and exhaustion over that sewing machine while an idle daughter lounges on a novel in the parlor. That's what I wish to say."

"Isn't Effie's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put down to household drudgery. Her time will come soon enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she may."

"If we said that about our sons," replied Mr. Thornton, "acted on the word, what efficient men they would make for life's trials and duties!"

"You are wrong in this thing—all wrong," continued the husband. "And if Effie is a right-minded girl, she will have more true enjoyment in the consciousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens than it is possible to obtain from the finest novel ever written."

Excitement for imagination is no substitute for that deep peace of mind that ever accompanies and succeeds the right discharge of daily duties. It is a poor compliment to Effie's moral sense to suppose that she can be contented to sit with idle hands, or to employ them in light frivolities, while her mother toils down with toil her yoke strength. Hester, it should not be!"

"And it shall not be!" said a quick, firm voice.

Mr. Thornton and his wife started, and turned to the speaker, who had entered the room unobserved, and had been a listener to nearly all the conversation we have recorded.

"It shall not be!" And Effie came and stood by Mr. Thornton. Her face was crimson; her eyes flashed with tears, through which light was flashing; her form drew up erectly; her manner resolute.

"It isn't all my fault," she said, as she laid her hand on her father's arm. "I've asked mother a great many times to let me help her, but she always puts me off, and says it's easier to do a thing herself than to show another. Maybe I'm a little dull—but every one has to learn, you know. Mother didn't get her hand in fairly with that machine for two or three weeks. I'm certain I won't take more any longer. If she only teach me how to use it I could help her a great deal. And, indeed, father, I am willing."

"Spoken in the right spirit, my daughter," said Mr. Thornton, approvingly. "Girls should be as useful as boys, and in the very things most likely to be required of them when they become women in the responsible positions of wives and mothers. Depend upon it, Effie, an idle girl is not the way to a cheerful household. Let her learn now the things that will be required of you in after years, and then you will have an acquired facility. Habit and skill will make easy what might come hard, and be felt as very burdensome."

"And you would have her abandon all self-improvement," said Mrs. Thornton. "Give up music, reading, society—"

"There are," said Mr. Thornton, as his wife paused for another word, "some 15 or 16 hours of each day in which mind or body should be rightly employed. Now, let us see how Effie is spending these long and ever recurring periods of time. Come, my daughter, sit down; we have this subject fairly before us. It is one of great importance to you, and should be well considered. How do you spend your time? Take yesterday for instance. The records of the work of a day will help us to get toward the result after which we are now searching."

Effie sat down, and Mr. Thornton drew a chair in front of his wife, and said, "Let us see, how was it spent? You rose at 7, I think."

"Yes, sir; I came down just as the breakfast bell was rung," replied Effie.

"And your mother was up at half-past five, I know, and complained of feeling so weak that she could hardly dress herself. But, for all this, she was at work until breakfast time. Now, if you had risen at six, and shared your mother's work until seven, you would have taken an hour from her day's burdens, and certainly lost nothing from your music, self-improvement or social intercourse. How was it after breakfast? How was the morning spent?"

"I practiced an hour on the piano after breakfast."

"So far so good. What then?"

"I read the 'Cavalier' till eleven."

Mr. Thornton shook his head and asked: "After eleven hours of the time spent?"

"I dressed myself and went out a little after 12 o'clock."

"An hour was spent in dressing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you go?"

"I called on Helen Boyd, and we took a walk down Broadway."

"And came home just in time for dinner? I think I met you at the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"How was it after dinner?"

"I slept from three until five, and then took a bath and dressed myself. From six until tea-time I sat at the parlor window."

"And tea?"

"At what hour?"

"At eight o'clock."

"Now, we can make up the account," said Mr. Thornton. "You rose at seven and retired at eleven—16 hours. And from your own account of the day, but a single hour

was spent in anything useful—that was the hour at the piano. Now, your mother was up at half past five, and went to bed, from her sheer inability to sit at her work any longer, at half past nine. Sixteen hours for her also. How much reading did you do in that time?"

And Mr. Thornton looked at his wife.

"Don't talk to me of reading! I've no time to read!" Mrs. Thornton answered, a little impatiently. The contrast of her daughter's idle hours with her own life of exhausting toil did not affect her mind very pleasantly.

"And yet," said Mr. Thornton, "you were always fond of reading, and I can remember when no day went by without an hour or two passed with your books. Did you lie down after dinner?"

"Of course not."

"And didn't you take a pleasant walk down Broadway?" Nor sit at the parlor window with Effie. How about that?"

There was no reply.

"Now, the case is a very plain one," continued Mr. Thornton. "In fact, nothing more to be plainer. You spend from 14 to 16 hours in hard work, while Effie, taking yesterday as a sample, spends about the same time in what is a little better than idleness. Suppose a new adjustment were to take place, and Effie were to be usefully employed helping you in the house, and you, in turn, still have eight hours left for self-improvement and recreation; and you, relieved from your present overtasked condition, might get back a portion of your health and spirits, of which these two heavy household duties have robbed."

"Father," said Effie, speaking through her tears that were falling over her face, "I never saw things in this light. Why haven't you talked to me before? I've often felt as if I'd like to help her, but she says that you can't do it. I'd rather do it myself. Indeed it isn't all my fault."

"It may not have been in the past, Effie," replied Mr. Thornton, "but it certainly will be in the future, unless there is a new arrangement of things. It is a false social sentiment that lets daughters become idlers, while mothers, fathers, and sons take up the daily burden of work, and bear it through all the business hours."

Mrs. Thornton did not come gracefully into the new order of things proposed by her husband and accepted by Effie. False pride in her daughter, that future lady indeed, and an inclination to do herself, rather than to take the trouble to teach another, were all so many impediments. But Effie and her father were both earnest, and it was not long before the overtasked mother's weary face began to lose its look of weariness, and her languid frame to come up to an erect bearing. She could find time for the old pleasure in books, now and then for a healthy walk in the streets, and a call on some valued friend.

The Great Fire in Tokio—Thrilling Scene in the Streets.

[Japan Gazette.]

So rapidly did the flames travel that it was with difficulty the streets were cleared of people before the houses ignited, and in so many cases the fire engines that they knew not which way to run. Anxious to save furniture and wearing apparel, the poor creatures sallied forth from their homes with bundles on their shoulders to fly they knew not whither. The streets became blocked with the people, and many of the children were trampled under foot, and many who fell in the crowd never rose again; while the air was rent with cries of rage, anguish, and despair. Still they clung tenaciously to the few worldly possessions they had succeeded in bringing from their burning homes, thereby almost completely blocking up the narrow streets through which the masses were slowly breaching their way. At length the police interfered and caused numbers to throw their bundles into the rivers or anywhere else out of the way, so as to facilitate the escape of the people from the frightful death which threatened them and which was gaining on them fast. Sixty-eight streets, containing 11,464 houses, were burned, and over 40,000 people homeless. It is estimated that 30 people were trampled to death in the streets, and 100 wounded were conveyed to the hospital. Long before the fire reached the foreign settlement the residents felt anxious and began to pack. Baggage appeared to have been almost a needless task, for when the fire did reach them there was no one to be found to convey their goods and chattels away; this was particularly the case when the residents of the Japanese ladies at No. 11 ignited. Everything had been got ready for flight, but had to be left in the house, as no coolies were to be found willing to undertake the task of removing even the boxes of clothing. The American Legation was in imminent danger for some time, and Mr. Clatsd's hotel ignited seven different times, but each time the flames were successfully suppressed. The residence of Bishop Williams, of the American Episcopal Mission, was burned. It was the property of the bishop and was uninsured; personal effects saved. The Methodist Episcopal church, partially insured, was consumed; also the residence of the Rev. Julius Soper, of Georgetown, D. C., partially insured—all personal effects lost, uninsured. Mr. Soper and his family were unhurt. Miss Holbrook, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Spencer, belonging to the same mission as Mr. Soper; also total personal effects of the three ladies, uninsured; residence and personal effects of Miss Youngman; personal effects of the Rev. Charles Bishop, a recent arrival in Japan, staying with the Rev. Julius Soper; residence and personal effects of Mr. E. H. House, building only partially insured; residence of Mr. Bogal. Much sympathy is felt in Tokio among the missionaries for the American Legation, which has been in danger for some time, and the fact that the same mission as they have lost everything. A fund for their benefit has been started. The foreign residents of Tokio have also started a fund in aid of the distressed Japanese.

A Judge's Farewell.

Recently Judge Logan E. Blockley took his leave of the Georgia supreme court, after serving as an associate justice for five years. After he had delivered several opinions on cases which he had pronounced, he took up a sheet of paper and read therefrom the following lines, which were drawn up in the form of a regular judicial opinion:

IN THE MATTER OF RES.

Blockley, J.

1. Rest for the hand and brow and breast,
For fingers, heart and brain;
Most sweet and long repose
From labor and from pain;

2. Peace and rest! Ask they the lost
For mortals here below?
For bliss of rest and ease
A blessing of life is lost.

3. No bliss but this, from sin and sorrow,
Does God permit to grow.

Judge Blockley read the lines slowly and with emphasis. By order of the court they were spread on the minutes in honor of their author.

How Men Waltz.

The Saturday Review says: "One man waltzes with his head in the air, with much the expression worn by a dog when he is howling at the sound of a pump-handle. Another has a bond in the middle, which looks as uncomfortable as it is ungainly. One genuflects at every turn, and slides out his feet as if to trip up rival dancers. An even more dangerous performer works his left arm up and down as if it were a pump-handle. Another man, with a top-heavy kind of stoop, leans over his partner like a great hen taking a chicken under her wings. One man holds his partner as if he were afraid she would slip from his grasp, while another looks as if he wished he was rid of his partner."

LINCOLN'S STORIES.

Pleasant Pen Portraits of the Great War President.

New Anecdotes Never Told Before—How Mr. Lincoln Got Rid of a Consummate Rore.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Mr. Lincoln was undoubtedly the champion joker of the United States. When care sat heaviest on his heart and the prospect of a favorable solution of the war seemed most doubtful he would turn away from his troubles and lighten the gloom of the hour by one of those jokes which soon became national in their reputation. It was this faculty of casting away care that enabled the president to endure the wear and tear of a great war that would have killed most men.

Many people will, no doubt, always believe that many of the jokes attributed to Mr. Lincoln were manufactured outside of the White House and laid to the great president's account; and while this is partly true Mr. Lincoln did tell thousands of anecdotes and if some credited to him were told by others there were scores of Lincoln's jokes that have never been repeated or published.

I remember one day going to the White House with Senator Ben Wade, when Mr. Lincoln assailed us with a perfect avalanche of jokes. Mr. Wade was in a hurry, having to be at the Senate, and I, too, had a small matter to attend to. "Sit down, Mr. Wade; sit down, General," cried the jolly president: "I am going to tell you a story."

"Mr. President, I should be most happy to listen to your story," said Mr. Wade, "but I have a little business with you this morning, and then I must go to the Senate, as it is almost the hour for it to assemble."

"Well, well, I guess you will be in time, but I want to talk to you, and if the Senate meets without you, why let it meet, that's all!" Then, turning abruptly to me, the president inquired:

"How are the people out in Kentucky?"

I was then in command of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, where Mr. Lincoln had many friends.

"They are pretty well," I replied.

"Are they loyal now?" asked Uncle Abe, with a smile.

"Sometimes they are and sometimes they are not," I replied. "When they think the Union is going to win they get loyal, and when they see a battle on the Potomac and the when it looks better for the Confederacy they become disloyal again."

"That reminds me of the high and the low-combed cock," said Abe, "and as it is a capital story, I must tell you the whole of it."

"Now, Mr. Lincoln," said Wade, "I must be going, as it is nearly 12, and I have barely time to reach the Senate before it assembles. I have a little business with you, and I must go."

"Sit down, sit down, man," cried Lincoln; "the Senate can assemble, I say, without you being there, and I must tell you this story; besides, I won't be five minutes, and you can surely give me that much of your time."

Uncle Abe then related the following story, which I repeat as nearly as I can recollect in his own words:

"When I was a youngster out in Kentucky there was a chap who had a high-combed cock that could lick all the roosters in the country. One day an emigrant came in to tell me that he had a low-combed cock he reckoned could thrash anything in his parts, the high-combed cock included. The interest became intense and the chickens were examined by all the boys. Both looked well and seemed to be genuine game cocks. A meeting was arranged to come off between the cocks and the whole neighborhood was excited over it. 'Squire C.' was a noted man and very sharp. The 'Squire' was always right, but no one could ever find out exactly what his reasons were, his reserved opinions being the correct ones. The 'Squire' was consulted about the roosters, as he was about every thing else, and putting his spectacles on his nose he examined both roosters carefully. He said the high-combed cock had 'pint' about him which would win the fight. 'You was on me, was you?' said the 'Squire' to the owner of the low-combed cock, who was much the heavier rooster of the two and by sheer weight might beat his antagonist. The young fellows who wanted to be questioned the 'Squire' closely, but they could not get any nearer to the 'Squire' than the rear of his chickens. The day came for the battle and with it a great crowd. The 'Squire' presided, for in those days more than now racing, fighting and betting was the height of a Kentuckian's glory. Close attention was given to the 'Squire's' position on the fight, as he was both oracle and judge."

"I propose," said the 'Squire,' 'this ere shall be a fair fight, and therefore we will give three cheers for both roosters.' It was done with a will, and then the fight began. The low-combed cock was the first to cry out: 'Hurrah for the high-combed cock!' 'Hurrah for the low-combed cock!' Once he made a bet on the high-combed cock, but immediately hedged by betting on the low-combed cock. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"

"Now," cried Uncle Abe, "that is the way it is with those fellows out in Kentucky. They want to be on both sides in this fight and hurrah for the high or the low-combed cock, as policy dictates. At last, after a bloody contest, the low-combed cock got the worst of it, turned tail and ran. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for the high-combed cock! Gentlemen, I know that rooster would win in the end, but it is always unfair to express an opinion before the fight. Now, gentlemen, you have had the fun, but you see that high-combed rooster was bound to win. Why look at his comb! Any man can see with half an eye he is a real game cock, while that other is only a dunghill fowl!"