

TO BE A POET.
BY OPIE READ.

A cabin squinting on the side of a hill; trees leaning back as though afraid of falling into the ravine below; grass green under the brow of a rock as if hiding from a cow that stood in the hollow, ringing her bell; a hawk sailing round and round, darting his covetous, hungry glance at a pigsty whereunder a hen had taken refuge; the gurgle of water pouring over a shelf-like ledge of slate stone; a boy and a girl standing under a tree, dreamily gazing into a blue pool. The month was June, the scene, the backwoods of Kentucky.

"If I was that bass down there," said the boy, "and you was that perch, I wouldn't let them common fish come a nigh you."

She laughed. "Oh, you'd want to eat me all by yourself."

He gave her a look of troubled reproach. She laughed merrily. "You can't take a joke yet, can you?" she asked.

"Why yet?" he replied.

"Because you've got to be so well acquainted with me," she rejoined.


"Is that a reason why I ought to take a joke?"

"Yes; for I ain't nothin' more than a joke."

"Well then," he said, "I can take a joke—I could take you."

"Oh, could you? But that wouldn't be a joke. It would be awful serious to me."

"Nell, don't talk to me that way. You know why I am stayin' here—you know that if it wasn't for you I'd go away somewhere and be a poet. You know the school-teacher said he couldn't learn me any more, and I take it that when Bill Jimison can't learn anybody anything he's goin' to be a poet. Jimison told me that I ought to go away somewhere—said there never would be any chance for me here. And do you reckon I'd plow over yonder in that blazin' field if it wasn't for you?"



"OH, QUIT!" SHE CRIED.

There ain't nothin' in the ground for me to dig out—my fortune and my fame are in the air and the woods."

"Oh, shucks, Sam, why don't you grabble all that foolishness out of your head and go to work. I reckon I've gone to school as much as you have, and I never have thought about bein' a poet."

"Maybe it is because you never have been in love," he replied, half pitifully.

"Maybe so," she rejoined, and then in excitement cried: "Look there! the bass has caught the perch!" And she had not more than said this when he seized her in his arms and passionately, violently kissed her.

"Oh, quit!" she cried. "Don't I tell you! Mother is in the door and will see you. Go away, you—you fool!"

He released her and stood gazing at her. "I despise you," she said.

"Ah, I have souzeed the truth out of you, have I?"

"If you have you put yourself to unnecessary trouble—you might have known it before."

"Yes, I might, for the poet always has been despised."

"Oh, has he? But if that's the case you ought to be loved."

"Nell, you'll force me to hate you."

"I will? But why should you want to make me so happy?" She took up her sunbonnet, which had fallen to the ground, and, holding it by the strings, stood swinging it like a pendulum.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Of course. Why shouldn't I, Sam; you have made me miserable all my life. Yes, you have, now. All the time at school, whenever nobody was lookin' you'd all the time try to kiss me, and I hate to be kissed all the time. Why, you don't know how tiresome it is. There, mother's callin' me, and I just know she's goin' to give me an awful goin' over for standin' round here foolin' with you. Good-by, and I hope I'll never see you again—all the time tryin' to kiss me. Yes-um!" she cried, "I'm comin'!"

She ran up the hill, striking at the trees with her bonnet. A woman, flushed and angry-looking, met her near the door, and pointing to a churn standing in the shade near the corner of the house, said:

"Thar's that thing standin' thar all the mornin' and you a foolin' round down thar on the branch. You air gittin' a goin' over for no manner account on the face of the earth. Who was that down thar a scrappin' with you? But you ncenter tell me—I know. It was that good-for-nothin' Sam Foster. A triflin' wretch never lived on the face of the earth."

"He's goin' to be a poet," the girl replied, taking an apron off a lilac bush and tying the strings about her waist.

"And what's that, for goodness sake?" the woman exclaimed. "He'd better be thinkin' about cuttin' them sprouts waten that pore old hill-side field that

he's attracted with. Conscience alive, I pity the woman he marries."

"I don't reckon he's old enough yet to think about marryin' anybody," the girl replied. Having tucked up her skirts she had begun to ply the churn dasher.

"Not old enough," the woman snapped. "My sakes, alive, I'd like to see a fool too young to think about gittin' married these here days. And I warrant you that thar air gals fool enough to marry him. Oh you ncenter jerk that dasher around, for you know it's a fact. I do believe you'd be fool enough yourself."

The girl was silent. She had ceased to ply the churn dasher, she stood motionless, gazing down the slope toward the pool where she and the young fellow had watched the bass and the perch.

"Yes," the woman repeated, "I do believe that you'd be fool enough to marry him yourself."

"Well, if I was to, I might not have to churn all the time," the girl replied, resuming her work.

"That's a fact," the woman quickly agreed. "Yes, that's a fact, for you wouldn't have nothin' to churn."

"Well, I'd rather not have nothin' to churn. I wish there wasn't a cow nowhere. I hate 'em. All the time gowd about cawsin' folks to churn. If I was

were in bloom, the water pouring over the shelf of slate struck a sweeter, sadder note. The season drew a long breath and another change came.

It was Christmas night, and the girl stood in the door. The belated wood-chopper's hack, back, back was heard, and the same cold cow was lowing in the ravine.

"Good evening."

"Gracious alive, is this you, Sam?"

"Yes," he said, still standing back from her. The firelight falling upon him showed that he was well dressed.

"Won't you come in, Sam?"

"No, for you'll still have to despise me."

"Why?"


"Because I'm not a poet."

"What are you, Sam?"

"I am an agent for a patent churn dasher."

She sprang forward and threw her arms about him. "Oh, I am so glad," she cried. "And you may kiss me all the time."

A CONSIDERATE LOTHARIO.



Don Juan O'Rafferty—Sure, and shave smooth the convexity of me upper lip. I want to make it aisy for the ladies until this misletoe business is over.—Texas Sittings.

Something for the Boy.

Office Boy—Are you going to give me anything for Christmas?


Boss—Oh, yes; a few errands to do.—

An Even Exchange.

Mrs. Bride—I suppose you and Fred will give each other handsome holiday presents?

Miss Fiancee—Yes; we have promised to surrender our liberties to each other right away.—Raymond's Monthly.

HIS CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.



Dr. Thirdly—I wish you would hold the missionary box until after Christmas; I may want to send some things.


Elder Berry—I know what you are thinking of; but they don't wear slippers in Alaska.—Puck.

A Slip.

Dr. Thirdly—I wish you would hold the missionary box until after Christmas; I may want to send some things.

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THE FAD OF THE HOUR.



The man in the moon hangs up his stocking.—Golden Days.

ACROSS THE SEAS.

The manuscript of Tannhauser has just been sold to a Leipzig amateur for 10,000 marks (\$2,500.).

In the Marquesas group the recent absolute prohibition of the sale of opium has increased at once the demand for liquor.

The forest land owned by the state is in Germany 33 per cent. of all forests; in Scandinavia, 15 to 20; in France, 10; in Switzerland, 4, and in Italy, not 2.

The English postmaster general has just announced that private cards with a half-penny stamp affixed will be accepted as postal cards within the United Kingdom.

The largest electric locomotive in the world, 2,000 horse power, was built at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1892.

SUGAR fifteen times sweeter than the sugar beet product has been extracted from cottonseed meal by a German chemist.

The first barrel of "coal oil" was commercially used in 1826. In 1883 38,820,395 barrels of that product were consumed.

SEVERAL live frogs and toads and a great many small round pebbles fell during the great hailstorm which recently visited Prussia.


DETAILLE, the celebrated painter of army life, looks himself a great deal like a soldier. He is tall, slender and erect, and with his ample cavalryman moustache and close-fitting jacket, which is not unlike an undress uniform, the military effect is heightened.

FADLEY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.
BY FRANK B. WELCH.

Young Mr. Fadley was in a worry. He had some Christmas presents to buy, and what to get was what worried him. First and foremost, there was Miss Damon, upon whom he was anxious to create an impression—she must have something appropriate and elegant, whether anybody else got anything or not. Then there was his bosom friend and constant companion Harvey, a good fellow who had pleased him under obligation times without number—him he could not forget. This being the case, Fadley started out to rummage the stores.

He overhauled all the leading shops in town, and by Christmas Eve had collected what he thought was a pretty sensible lot of presents for an amateur Santa Claus to get together. For the lady of his choice he had a handsome toilet outfit of combs, brushes, powder puffs and boxes, manicure implements, hand mirrors, and no end of other elegant articles for feminine use. These were all included in an elaborately beplashed and inlaid case which was neatly wrapped and all ready to be sent to the intended recipient. For his friend Harvey he had an elegant shaving set, consisting of razors, brushes, cups, hones, etc., done up in a substantial case which was also ready to be dispatched to the home of his friend.

Not daring to trust a messenger with the presents for fear of some mistake Fadley started out himself to deliver them. First he called at Harvey's house, timing his call so as not to catch his friend at home. With his friend's mother he entrusted the package, she promising that it should not be tampered with until Harvey should open



"JUST AS IF I WERE IN NEED OF A SHAVE."

it himself the next morning. Then he called at the abode of Miss Damon. The ring was answered by a servant, who said the young lady was out doing her Christmas shopping. Here was a piece of good luck. Leaving the package with explicit instructions as to its delivery Fadley said he would call Christmas night, as per previous arrangement with the young lady.

There was a big job off his hands, and Fadley mentally patted himself on the back at having done it up so neatly. He pictured to himself the glad surprise of Miss Damon when she should receive the substantial evidence of his regard, and chuckled over the little surprise in store for his dear friend and chum, Harvey. Early Christmas morning Miss Damon received her package, upon opening which she exclaimed:

"Well, I never! Just as if I were in need of a shave. Who ever has been so kind as to furnish me with this tonorial outfit?" Then her eye caught the corner of a card sticking out of one of the compartments of the case. This she drew forth and read:

"From yours faithfully,
H. IRA FADLEY."

"Oh!" said the mischievous young lady; "Mr. Fadley, eh? Well, just wait till he comes this evening. I'll bowl 'Next' at him; see if I don't."

Of all the mortified swains that ever got into a pickle Fadley felt the worst when the idol of his heart flashed the shaving tools on him. He was utterly speechless, until it occurred to him that his friend Harvey had his dear one's toilet set and one of the sweetest of little notes that ever a lovesick fellow put together.

"Great snakes!" thought Fadley; "if he reads that note I'll never hear the last of it." Then he explained the mistake and begged off long enough to hasten over to his friend's house to exchange the packages. He found Harvey at home, and as that amiable young man jerked him into the hall he impudently inquired:

"Is my hat on straight, Ira dear, and how do my bangs look?"

"Say!" fiercely ejaculated Fadley, "if you don't shut your head I'll break it for you!"

But there was no time to be lost, so Fadley, after duly acknowledging that the cigars were on him, gathered up the toilet set and sped back with it to the one for whom it was intended.

That was not the last of the joke on him, by any means. The thing leaked out, as such things invariably do, and poor Fadley was so annoyed by facetious allusions to his Santa Claus experience that he was compelled to threaten with consequences dire anyone who mentioned the subject.

He Was Surprised.

Mrs. Gazzam—I've got a box of cigars for my husband's Christmas present, which will surprise him.

Mrs. Maddox—Women don't know how to buy cigars for men.

Mrs. Gazzam—I know that, so I got brother Jack to get them for me.—Judge.

Bells and Bells.

Mrs. Newlywed—How I love to hear the merry Christmas bells.

Mr. Newlywed—I'd like to hear them, too; if Christmas bells were not so confoundingly suggestive of Christmas bills.

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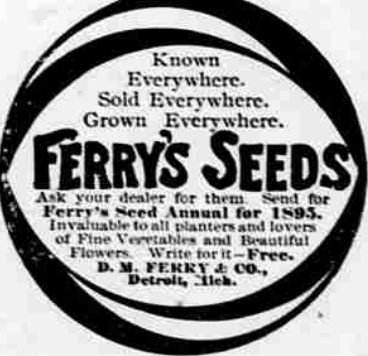
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Notice of Final Settlement.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County.
In the matter of the estate of Barbara Ulrich, deceased.
NOTICE is hereby given that the administrator of the estate of Barbara Ulrich, deceased has filed in the County Court his final account in said matter, and by order of said Court, Tuesday, January 8, 1895, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., is set for hearing thereon. All persons interested are hereby notified to appear and file their objections to said account on or before said day.
Published by order of Hon. J. R. Neil, Judge of said Court.
Dated Nov. 30, 1894.
WM. ULRICH,
Administrator of said estate.

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